William Shakespeare

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

William Shakespeare

TO THE READER

THIS FIGURE, THAT THOU HERE SEEST PUT,
IT WAS FOR GENTLE SHAKESPEARE CUT;
WHEREIN THE GRAVER HAD A STRIFE
WITH NATURE, TO OUT-DO THE LIFE:
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS, AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE; THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL, THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT, SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK,
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.

BEN: JONSON.

The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man and nature. Without denying man's need for Grace, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> *"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!*
> *how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how*
> *express and admirable! in action how like an angel!*
> *in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!*
> *the paragon of animals!"*

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

Edited with Introduction and Suggestions for Study by **Z. N. Girling**

Notes Edited by Lucy Mabry Fitzpatrick

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

By

William Shakespeare

General Introduction by Dr. David G. Pitt

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

William Shakespeare: His Life, Times, and Theatre

HIS LIFE

The world's greatest poet and playwright was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in the year 1564. An entry in the *Stratford Parish Register* gives his baptismal date as April 26. Since children were usually baptized two or three days after birth, it is reasonable to assume that he was born on or about April 23—an appropriate day, being the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and dealer in wool and farm products, who had moved to Stratford from Snitterfield, four miles distant, some time before 1552. During his early years in Stratford his business prospered, enabling him to acquire substantial property and to take his place among the more considerable citizens of the town. In 1557 he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy landowner of Wilmcote, not far from Stratford. Two daughters were born to them before William's birth, but both died in infancy. William was thus their third child, though the eldest of those who survived infancy. After him were born Gilbert, Joan, Anne, Richard, and Edmund.

Very little is positively known about Shakespeare's boyhood and education. We know that for some years after William's birth his father's rise in Stratford society and municipal affairs continued. Many local offices came to him in rapid succession: ale-taster, burgess, assessor of fines, chamberlain, high bailiff, alderman, and chief alderman in 1571. As the son of a man of such eminence in Stratford, Shakespeare undoubtedly attended the local Grammar School. This he was entitled to do free of charge, his father being a town councilor. It is probable that he covered the usual Elizabethan curriculum: an "A B C book," the catechism in Latin and English, Latin grammar, the translation of Latin authors, and perhaps some Greek grammar and translation as well. But family circumstances appear to have curtailed his formal education before it was complete. About the year 1578, having gone heavily into debt, John Shakespeare lost two large farms inherited by his wife from her father. Thereafter, he was involved in a series of lawsuits, and lost his post on the Stratford town council. Matters got steadily worse for him, until finally, in 1586, he was declared a bankrupt.

In 1852, in the midst of his father's legal and financial crises—Shakespeare married Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway (recently deceased) of the village of Shottery near Stratford. The *Episcopal Register* for the Diocese of Worcester contains their marriage record, dated November 28, 1582; he was then in his eighteenth year, his wife in her twenty-sixth. On May 26 of the following year the

Stratford Parish Register recorded the baptism of their first child, Susanna; and on February 2, 1585, the baptism of a twin son and daughter named Hamnet and Judith.

How Shakespeare supported his family, how long he continued to live in Stratford, we do not know for certain.

But however he may have occupied himself in the interim, we know that by 1592 he was already a budding actor and playwright in London. In that year Robert Greene in his autobiographical pamphlet *A Groatsworth of Wit*, referring to the young actors and menders of old plays who were, it seemed to him, gaining undeserved glory from the labours of their betters (both by acting their plays and by rewriting them), wrote as follows:

> Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart, wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a countrey.

"Shakescene" is clearly Shakespeare. The phrase "upstart Crow" probably refers to his country origins and his lack of university education. "Beautified with our feathers" probably means that he uses the older playwrights' words for his own aggrandisement either in plays in which he acts or in those he writes himself. "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde" is a parody of a line in *III Henry VI*, one of the earliest plays ascribed to Shakespeare. And the Latin phrase *Johannes factotum*, meaning Jack-of-all-trades, suggests that he was at this time engaged in all sorts of theatrical jobs: actor, poet, playwright, and perhaps manager as well.

Greene died shortly after making this scurrilous attack on the young upstart from Stratford, and so escaped the resentment of those he had insulted. But Henry Chettle, himself a minor dramatist, who had prepared Greene's manuscript for the printer, in his *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1592), apologized to Shakespeare for his share in the offence:

> I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he excelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art.

Thus, in a very indirect manner and because of an attack upon him by an irascible dying man, we learn that Shakespeare at this time was in fact held in high regard by "divers of worship," that is, by many of high birth, as an upright, honest young man of pleasant manners and manifest skill as actor, poet, and playwright.

Although Shakespeare by 1593 had written, or written parts of, some five or six plays, it was as a non-dramatic poet that he first appeared in print. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, long narrative poems, both bearing Shakespeare's name, were published in 1593 and 1594 respectively. But thereafter for the next twenty years he wrote almost nothing but drama. Long before his death in 1616,

his name held such magic for the public that merely to print it on the title page of any play assured its popular acclaim. The "upstart Crow" had come a long way since 1592.

He had come a long way, too, from the economic straits that may well have driven him to London many years before. We know, for example, from the records of tax assessments that by 1596 Shakespeare was already fairly well-to-do. But his life during this time was not quite unclouded. His only son, Hamnet, died in 1596 at the age of eleven years, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. All three were buried in Stratford. More happily he saw, in 1607, the marriage of his daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford, and, in the following year, the baptism of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford appears to have been gradual, but by 1613, if not earlier, he seems to have settled there, though he still went up to London occasionally. On March 25, apparently already ill, Shakespeare revised and signed his will, among other bequests leaving to his wife his "second best bed with the furniture." A month later he was dead, dying on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April 26.

HIS TIMES

Shakespeare lived during the English Renaissance, that age of transition that links the Mediaeval and the Modern world. Inheriting the rich traditions of the Middle Ages in art, learning, religion, and politics, rediscovering the great legacies of classical culture, the men of the Renaissance went on to new and magnificent achievements in every phase of human endeavour. No other period in history saw such varied and prolific development and expansion. And the reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Shakespeare's age, was the High Renaissance in England.

During the Middle Ages theology had dominated education, but now the language, literature, and philosophy of the ancient world, the practical arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and training in morals, manners, and gymnastics assumed the major roles in both school and university—in other words, an education that fitted one for life in the world here and now replaced one that looked rather to the life hereafter. Not that the spiritual culture of man was neglected. Indeed, it took on a new significance, for as life in this world acquired new meaning and value, religion assumed new functions, and new vitality to perform them, as the bond between the Creator and a new kind of creation.

It was, of course, the old creation—man and nature—but it was undergoing great changes. The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world, which was also "fallen," as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man, nature, and the things of this life. Without denying man's need

for Grace and the value of the means of salvation provided by the Church, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now, and that God had given them for man to enjoy.

HIS THEATRE

There were many playhouses in Shakespeare's London. The first was built in 1576 by James Burbage and was called the *Theatre*. It was built like an arena, with a movable platform at one end, and had no seats in the pit, but had benches in the galleries that surrounded it. It was built of wood, and cost about £200. Other famous playhouses of Shakespeare's time included the Curtain, the Bull, the Rose, the Swan, the Fortune, and, most famous of them all, the Globe. It was built in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, and it was here that most of Shakespeare's plays were performed. Since more is known about the Globe than most of the others, I shall use it as the basis of the brief account that follows of the Elizabethan playhouse.

Open to the sky, somewhat like a modern football or baseball stadium, though much smaller, it had three tiers of galleries surrounding the central "yard" or pit, and a narrow roof over the top gallery. But most interesting from our viewpoint was the stage—or rather *stages*—which was very different from that of most modern theatres. These have the familiar "picture-frame" stage: a raised platform at one end of the auditorium, framed by curtains and footlights, and viewed only from the front like a picture. Shakespeare's stage was very different.

The main stage, or *apron* as it was called, jutted well out into the pit, and did not extend all the way across from side to side. There was an area on either side for patrons to sit or stand in, so that actors performing on the apron could be viewed from three sides instead of one. In addition, there was an inner stage, a narrow rectangular recess let into the wall behind the main stage. When not in use it could be closed by a curtain drawn across in front; when open it could be used for interior scenes, arbor scenes, tomb and anteroom scenes and the like. On either side of this inner stage were doors through which the main stage was entered. Besides the inner and outer stages, there were no fewer than four other areas where the action of the play, or parts of it, might be performed. Immediately above the inner stage, and corresponding to it in size and shape, was another room with its front exposed. This was used for upstairs scenes, or for storage when not otherwise in use. In front of this was a narrow railed gallery, which could be used for balcony scenes, or ones requiring the walls of a castle or the ramparts of a fortress. On either side of it and on the same level was a window-stage, so-called because it consisted of a small balcony enclosed by windows that opened on hinges. This permitted actors to stand inside and speak from the open windows to others on the main stage below.

Very little in the way of scenery and backdrops was used. The dramatist's words and the imagination of the audience supplied the lack of scenery. Usually a few standard stage props were on hand: trestles and boards to form a table, benches and chairs, flagons, an

altar, artificial trees, weapons, a man's severed head, and a few other items. Costumes were usually elaborate, though no attempt was made to reproduce the dress of the time and place portrayed in the play.

Play production in Shakespeare's time was clearly very different from that of ours, but we need have no doubts about the audience's response to what they saw and heard on stage. They came, they saw, and the dramatist conquered, for they kept coming back for more and more. And despite the opposition that the theatre encountered from Puritans and others, who thought it the instrument of Satan, the theatre in Shakespeare's time flourished as one of the supreme glories of a glorious age.

—DAVID G. PITT
Memorial University of Newfoundland

INTRODUCTION TO

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

THE INDUCTION

The Taming of the Shrew opens outside an English alehouse, from which a drunken tinker, by name Christopher Sly, is being ejected by the indignant alewife. What, we ask ourselves, sitting in the theatre, can follow from this?

We may count ourselves good guessers if we suspect that before very long we will be watching some pairs of lovers making their various ways toward marriage; and yet this leap takes no more imagination than Sly himself is called upon to produce almost immediately, when the Lord and his attendants play their trick upon him, and prevail on him to believe that he is a lord, commanding all the graces and luxuries that wealthy leisure can provide.

The two scenes of the Induction, given to Sly, make a comedy rich and extraordinary in its layers. It is pleasant to think it may have been written for Will Kemp, the famous clown of Shakespeare's company from 1594 to 1600. Sly proves neither boorish nor simple, though he is robustly realistic. When he is offered the flattering idea of "raiment" he reduces it to feet and stockings; the vaguely grandiose "possessions" ascribed to him, he roundly sums up as "fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale." But at last he yields to the flattery, paying it the tribute of verse—the artifice of which indeed sorts better than his accustomed prose with the world of make-believe and contrivance he is accepting:

> Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
> Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now?
> I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
> I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
> Upon my life I am a lord indeed,
> And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
> Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
> And once again a pot o'th' smallest ale.
>
> (Induction, Scene ii)

How should he not believe all this rich evidence of his senses, when, as he says, he is broad awake? Remember what surrounds him: a "banquet," rich clothes, sweet music; "sweet savours" (doubtless from the food and the "sweet wood . . . to make the lodging sweet," that the Lord spoke of in Scene

i) and "soft things." Sly's speech, so delightfully given his own stamp by its last line, shows him responsive and appreciative, ready for the crowning and most deceptive temptation of all—the allure of feminine beauty. The "wanton pictures" have cunningly prepared for the entrance of the "lady" —wife—who is a page dressed up, which makes a double joke on the Elizabethan stage, where all women's parts had to be played by boys; and "she" calls forth his finest efforts at correctness and courtesy.

Poor Sly must sometime discover, like Shakespeare himself in a famous sonnet addressed to his mistress, that all this is "too dear for his possessing." The sonnet ends ruefully:

> "Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
> In sleep a king, but waking no such matter."
> (Sonnet No. 87)

As it turns out, we will not witness Sly's "waking." We leave him a lord, with his "Madam wife," convinced for the time being that his former existence was the dream and that this is the reality. And he is preparing to watch another "dream" in the shape of the play to be presented by the traveling players. Small wonder if exotic Padua, where the players will presently transport him and us, seems more familiar when we get there than the deceiving world of illusion within illusion which we entered through the "homely" alehouse door!

Yet in Padua, too, where feasting and convivial "chat" are the favorite activities of merchants, and young men making their way in the world are interrupted by the lure of fair wives, we will become conscious of the difficulties and doubts of appearances, the comical confusions, sometimes superficial, sometimes radical, that make it hard to recognize "reality" when one sees it. By means of such themes, the Induction is quite intimately related to the main play, though it seems to serve merely as the frame for it.

THE TEXT AND SOURCES OF THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

How Shakespeare arrived at the shape and plan of this three-strand comedy is not a thing we can know. Our only source for the text of *The Shrew* is the first Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays printed in 1623, seven years after his death. There is another play, however, printed in a quarto edition in 1594, called *The Taming of A Shrew*, which is so close to *The Shrew* in its plan and development, and even in some details of plot and language, that the exact relation between the two plays becomes a significant matter. Are the two plays alternative versions of each other? Which came first? Did Shakespeare have a hand in *A Shrew*? Did collaborators, on the other hand, contribute to *The Shrew*? A view generally accepted by Shakespearean scholars is that *The Shrew*

is Shakespeare's own rewriting of *A Shrew*, the text of which had become the property of Shakespeare's company, the Chamberlain's Men, in 1594 or a little earlier. Assuming this is correct, it may still be asked whether *The Shrew* as we have it is the complete play as Shakespeare left it, or whether there is a piece missing, the argument being that in other plays in which Shakespeare used a "frame" structure, notably *The Comedy of Errors* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which belong to approximately the same period of his career, the frame is carefully completed. Did Shakespeare write a conclusion, which has been lost, to the "dream" of Christopher Sly?

Though we cannot here argue, much less unravel, such difficult questions, they may convey some notion of the "workshop" conditions under which Shakespeare did much of his writing. If his company needed a new play, he would set about providing one, finding his materials where he could.

The shrew-taming story is very old and popular, an expression of the perennially debated question: in a marriage, who shall wear the trousers? Looking at the main plot from another angle, we see a tale of a tyrannical father with two daughters, the older unmarriageable, and the younger therefore not allowed to marry: this, too, presents a wooer with a situation as ancient as the hidebound traditions of trouserless patriarchs. The story about a trick played on a beggar has many precedents, some as far back as *The Arabian Nights*, some quite near to the date of *The Shrew*, and didn't need Shakespeare to invent it. All these are folk-tale materials, crossroad intersections in marriage negotiations or rags-to-riches dreams familiar to everybody. But the development, in *The Shrew*, of the subplot story of the second daughter distinctly draws on a different tradition, this time through an identifiable source, an Italian intrigue comedy by Ariosto, written in 1506 and translated into English by David Gascoigne in 1566 under the title *The Supposes* (a source not used in *A Shrew*, which otherwise has the same ingredients as Shakespeare's play). The tradition goes back to Terence and Plautus; and it dictates an almost geometrical elaboration of plotting. In *The Shrew*, the artifice of the subplot is in marked contrast to the straightforward movement of the main plot.

Each of the three strands of *The Shrew* brings, with its own situations, its own typical characters and even language. A pair of comic servants, one from the Katharina and the other from the Bianca plot, may illustrate this. Where Gremio clowns it in regular earthy, knockabout style, Biondello's impudence is more polished and nimble. (Both deserve their beatings!) Servants and mechanicals are time-honored figures of comedy, as are pantaloon and pedant from classical comedy. In Shakespeare's romantic comedies, the servants

live by a sturdy realism which often provides a cynical comment on the heroes' romantic preoccupation with love and marriage. In *The Shrew*, while this is true, one might also say that the whole of the main plot provides this sort of down-to-earth commentary: the style of Petruchio's speeches, with their vigorous homely metaphors, has only to be seen beside the style of Lucentio's for this to be vividly apparent. But neither Petruchio nor Lucentio, nor any of the *dramatis personae* is conceived as a "complex" character, like the heroes of the tragedies. The very nature of comedy is always likely to limit complexity of characterization and, bating Shakespeare's genius, that extraordinary touch which gives life to the weariest of stock figures and stage clichés, the conception of character in *The Shrew*, as the title itself might suggest, is markedly simple.

Writing the story of Katharina the shrew, Shakespeare was undertaking to write a "humour" play: his only one, as it turned out. Elizabethan psychology held that in each person character is determined by the proportion in him of the four basic elements, or "humours," present in everybody. The humours were melancholy (earth), phlegm (water), blood (air) and choler (fire). The excessive prominence of any one of these would make a man eccentric, and might even make him sick. The whole drama of Katharina and Petruchio has its base in the character of Katharina, which is the overabundance in her physical constitution of the "choleric humour," or what we should call her fiery temper. This meets its match in the answering temper, real or assumed, of Petruchio. What happens when "two raging fires" meet?

This is intended to furnish matter for "mirth and merriment," to charm away the excessive "melancholy" imputed to Sly. It is to be hoped that the moral which emerges from the play—that wives must be subservient to their husbands—doesn't in its present disrepute spoil any audience's perception of the play's gaiety. Turning to examine in more detail Shakespeare's handling of his copious materials, we may try to keep a perspective on our critical solemnities by first catching from Petruchio a *tone* to keep ringing in our ear as a reminder of the good humour and zest which propels the action:

> ". . . We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
> And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday."
> (II, i)

THE MAIN ACTION: THE COURTSHIP OF KATHARINA AND PETRUCHIO

The "taming" of Katharina, especially after her marriage, gives rise to puzzlement that has to be resolved by laughter.

Is Petruchio enjoying his cruelty, and should our sympathies go with the much abused Kate? Or does Kate deserve all the ill-treatment that Petruchio is inflicting on her, in ostensible sorrow, for the sake of curing her temper? If we sympathize with Katharina, we cannot laugh at her; if we grant Petruchio his methods, are we bullies as he is?

Petruchio engages on a perverse courtship in which he claims that nothing is good enough for Katharina, while in fact arranging that everything shall be intolerable for her. The worst, for Katharina, is that "He does it under name of perfect love." One of the first instances of this is a triumph of mock gallantry: as Petruchio "rescues" and carries off his unwilling bride, on the splendid lines—

> Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
> I'll buckler thee against a million, (III, ii)

we happily laugh and admire and hope for the best.

But our feelings are not always as unambiguous as this. In Act IV, Scene iii, for example, we see Katharina hoping to be beautifully gowned to return home for her sister's wedding. Petruchio's exalted idea of what is fitting for her prevents her from getting a new gown at all:

> KATE: I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
> More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
> Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
> PETRUCHIO: Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
> TAILOR: She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
> PETRUCHIO: O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
> Thou thimble, thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
> Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
> Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
> Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
> Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
> As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest . . ."

Everyone knows whom Kate is blaming for "making a puppet of her," but the irresistible speed and force of Petruchio's reaction renders her helpless to attempt any further explanation. The torrent of inventive abuse Petruchio lets loose is directed in fact against Kate, not the tailor at all; but the pretense that it is in her own interest compels her to endure it. What Petruchio will not endure is the "monstrous arrogance" of his wife having any preferences, or making any choices, or even thinking any thoughts of her own!

There never lacks an onlooker onstage to underline the outrageousness of Petruchio's behavior. Even Hortensio, who

has "gone unto the taming school" to learn and applaud, is amazed. The servant Curtis, hearing Gremio's account of the bridal journey, remarks, "By this reckoning he is more shrew than she"; another servant comments, "He kills her in her own humour." Does it help that Petruchio, in a graphic soliloquy to the audience at the end of IV, i, the scene of the bridal homecoming, has announced it all as policy, part of the plan to "curb her mad and headstrong humour"?

That Kate's ill temper needs a curb we have seen in her cruelty to Bianca, her gratuitous rudeness to the suitors and to her father, her violence in the lute lesson. In the little scene (II, i) with Bianca, where she demands to know which suitor Bianca prefers, the "envy" Bianca speaks of is perhaps a clue to an unacknowledgeable longing for affection; later, as she awaits the bridegroom who doesn't seem to be coming, her acute humiliation hints at a vulnerable place within her armor of antagonism, a softness somewhere which wants to be released.

But on the surface she reveals nothing of this, and so the way to married happiness has to be warfare. The verbal hostilities before the wedding—in which she gives as good as she gets—give place to Petruchio's "all-out" methods after. The contest is no longer equal. Petruchio, who warned that he was "rough, and woo[ed] not like a babe," has all the advantages, and doesn't mind using any of them. The "tailor" scene is perhaps redeemed by its farce, which compels our laughter, and by the essential triviality of the issue of the dress. It is still harder to see what saves the scene (IV, v) in which Petruchio obliges Kate capriciously to deny every evidence of her senses. Here we reach an ultimate in the "taming" technique:

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon.
KATE: I know it is the moon.
PETRUCHIO: Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessed sun.
KATE: Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be still for Katharina.

This, to most of us, makes painful hearing. But we are bound to listen still to Petruchio, who does not gloat but rejoices, ". . . thus the bowl should run,/ And not unluckily against the bias." "The bowl" is a wife's attitude to her husband; if it runs *with* the bias, the result will be "luck," sweet harmony. This seems an implicit promise that when Katharina has made her proper submission, all the wifely rights and privileges, so far mockingly acknowledged but withheld, will follow. Petruchio's exorbitant demands may be seen as a kind

of hyperbole, not unlike the hyperbole of Elizabethan love poetry, which knows its own distance from the reality it is describing. In Sonnet 130, Shakespeare comments on such hyperbole directly, though he himself is a user of it:

> My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
> Coral is far more red than her lips' red . . .
> And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
> As any she belied with false compare.

THE SECOND PLOT

In contrast to the unromantic, even anti-romantic courtship of Katharina and Petruchio is the wooing and wedding of Bianca and Lucentio. They look like a conventionally romantic pair: she is all sweetness, and he falls in love with her at first sight, instantly forgetting his purpose to pursue his studies in Padua. The action of their plot presents a complete contrast of style to the violence of the main plot: it is a matter of disguises (five of them!), outwittings, and such stylized pretenses as the "lesson" in which the two "scholars" press their suits through the riddling language of music and Latin translation (III, i). The wrong suitors are rejected, and the proper lovers are united by a wedding which has to be secret, because it defies (apparently) the greedy intentions of Bianca's father to marry off his marketable younger daughter to the highest bidder. Not only Baptista's greed, but his self-love, and that of Gremio, the sensual old pantaloon who dares to aspire to a young bride, are mocked by the deception so easily practised on them.

So far, the story conforms to the classical intrigue pattern. But there is one last twist. When in the last scene the two plots are united by the wager to discover who has the most obedient wife, Bianca's "disobedience" startles the audience into wondering whether they might have foreseen it: were there any signs? What is Bianca "really" like? We find ourselves asking questions about her that give her a different kind of reality from that conferred by the mere plot in which she figures: suggesting, for instance, that when she has been so bullied by her sister and her father, it is small wonder that she does not intend now to be bullied by her husband, but would like at last to be her own mistress.

"He that is giddy thinks the world turns round," says Hortensio's widow in reproof to Petruchio in this scene, summing up in the proverb some of the sensations that not only the *dramatis personae* but also the audience may be feeling at all the reversals that have taken place! Look at the number of characters in various postures of bewilderment, discomfiture, and surprise in the last act: the Pedant, Vincentio, Tranio, Biondello, and presently Baptista, Hortensio, Lucentio; then

last, the widow and Bianca—in fact, everyone *except* Katharina and Petruchio, the only ones whose "giddy" spell *is* over. It is an open question, at the conclusion, how Bianca and Lucentio will fare in their marriage. Will the eligible lady courted for love, by the gentle methods of the conventional romantic lover, prove a better or happier wife than the redoubtable shrew, apparently married only for her dowry by an avowed fortune hunter?

The theme of money, and its relation to love and marriage, figures quite prominently in *The Shrew*, especially in the Bianca story. Petruchio did well in the fortune-hunting line; but once he has struck his bargain with Baptista, money no longer works as a motive for anything he does. Baptista, on the other hand, is preoccupied with it to the last. Hortensio compromises over it, accepts it as a consolation for the beauty beyond his reach, and hopes it will accompany "kindness"—as it does *not* turn out to do. For Gremio, it has been and it will have to go on being his only joy and comfort. Even Lucentio, who never expected to think about money at all, is rueful over his hundred crowns lost in the wager. All these attitudes become a part of the inexhaustible comedy of things, interpreted for us by an apparently unromantic eye and mind concerned with the world as it "really" is, and not as romantic fiction would make it out to be.

THE ENDING OF THE PLAY: KISS ME, KATE

Yet does this account fully take in the conclusion of the play? About the ending, George Bernard Shaw had this to say:

> ". . . the last scene is altogether disgusting to modern sensibility. No man with any decency of feeling can sit it out in the company of a woman without being extremely ashamed of the lord-of-creation moral implied in the wager and the speech put into the woman's own mouth."
>
> (*Shaw on Shakespeare*, ed. Edwin Wilson, N.Y., '61.)

Here a comparison of *A Shrew* and *The Shrew* is enlightening, and may go some way to answering Shaw's objection. In *A Shrew* the spectator tinker who thinks that he has dreamed the play, wakes up to take home, chuckling, the knowledge of how to tame a shrew, which he intends to put into practice at once with his own wife. This crude application of the play's moral is absent from *The Shrew*, and it is at least arguable that it is absent by Shakespeare's design. Also, the burden of Kate's speech is changed. In *A Shrew*, the chief point made by Kate is that Eve corrupted Adam, thus that women are the cause of all man's woe, and must make what amends they can. In *The Shrew*, Kate's emphasis is on order,

good government, the natural qualities of men and women, and thus their proper, "natural" relationship.

It remains true, nevertheless, that *The Shrew* preaches the subjection of women, and that questions touching our taste and sensibility are raised by this, as indeed by other aspects of the play. But we will get no nearer to any ultimate truth by taking up in the abstract the age-old dispute about the proper place of women, though we may miss the comedy, and even the meaning of the play, by attempting to do so. Instead, let us look at the wager in its context of the whole shrew story, and at the speech in the same general context, as well as in the narrower context of the immediate scene.

The wager is a device, not more or less "artificial" than the rest of the plot, for making triumphantly public the completeness of Katharina's transformation. As a device, it is skillfully managed to fit our conception of Petruchio—his swagger, his clubbable love of sport, even his good humor. And there is a further fitness in it as an example in little of the high stakes and more significant "wagers" the play is about. Baptista, "narrow—prying Minola," whose paternal sentiments may be observed to veer and tack with the changing wind, said of himself after the lightning wooing of Petruchio:

> . . . now I play a merchant's part,
> And venture madly on a desperate mart.

But the mad venturing was not Baptista's at all. It was Petruchio who, one madly venturesome day, "gave away himself" —as Kate did *her*self (though she wasn't allowed to say so); and what are a couple of dowries, or a hundred crowns, to that? Every marriage is, in this sense, a great gamble. Giving away "themselves," most precious of possessions, what does incorrigibly marrying humanity, in the shape of each particular couple, hope to gain instead? Petruchio, who can jest and bandy, or raise a storm of words at any time occasion demands, becomes the very model of modest brevity and understatement when faced with the solemn question of what marriage strives for. What, his marveling friends wonder, does Kate's new obedience "bode"?

> PETRUCHIO: Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
> An awful rule, and right supremacy,
> And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

To amplify this and give it body, comes Kate with a brand-new eloquence, in pretty contrast to her husband's new reticence. She throws herself into the working out of the idea of "right supremacy" with a wholeheartedness that shows her for the first time truly happy. She is as spirited as in any of her former railing or complaining speeches, but a new clarity

and dignity indicate the ending of the war with herself that was so much more damaging than any combat with Petruchio. For the audience, even for a modern audience itching to restate in modified terms the ideal relationship between man and wife, the magnetic force of the happy ending, the *romantic* happy ending, redoubles as we come palpably closer to it through the sensation of Katharina's happiness. We have known her "muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty," and rejoice the more to see her beauty restored, the fountain clear. The moral is hard to refuse when it is so convincingly enacted. It is an ancient paradox. Through submission, she has in fact come into possession of herself for the first time.

Finally, we are released into the satisfaction we have been waiting to feel by Petruchio's reception of the speech. He is almost comically wordless, after so many words from her. Nevertheless in his last speech, his little word play expresses his grateful recognition of Katharina's worth and his own "gain"; the only flourish wanting is his signature, which he immediately affixes to her covenant: "Why, there's a wench! —come on, and kiss me, Kate."

"Kiss me, Kate": this has been our guarantee, or, to adopt the commercial language of the play, our promissory note, since the first meeting of the pair. It was witty of the librettists of the modern musical adaptation of *The Shrew* to adopt the phrase as their title, for it is at the very center of the "courtship." The first kisses were almost an outrage, because almost a travesty—like much else in the play they sounded (and loudly!) the teasing, mocking note of parody. Remember the "holy" kiss given at the wedding ceremony itself? Gremio reported it:

> . . . he took the bride about the neck, [and kist her lips with such a clamorous smack], that, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Wanting in ordinary respect and reverence, conceding nothing, apparently, to the importance of manners and appearances—this has been Petruchio's style throughout. But in his less important encounters and relations we have had many chances to notice his underlying courtesy and consideration and good will—to Hortensio, to his father-in-law, even to the tailor and the ill-used Vincentio, for example. To Kate, his assurance of generous intentions has had to be dumb—and not only because of the taming, but just as much, it seems, because he prefers action to words, especially in matters of importance. A kiss is a symbol of love that cannot finally be doubted. The kiss in the street and this last kiss at the conclusion of the play express with simple completeness the two-made-one, the loving peace of a pair newfound in each other when the drama of friction is spent.

STUDY QUESTIONS

THE INDUCTION (Scenes i and ii)

1. Write a note on the history and character of Sly, gathering your information from these two scenes, and show why he is a good subject for the trick that is played upon him.

2. Pick out three phrases or words from Sly's own speeches by which you could identify him, even if you couldn't see who was speaking.

3. LORD: Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark; or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

How does the verse here, and throughout this part of Scene ii, make the offered temptations attractive not only to Sly, but to anyone hankering for the life of a lord?

4. The lord speaks in Scene i of "a woman's gift/ To rain a shower of commanded tears." What does this imply about women? Is it consistent with the view of women, especially wives, being presented to Sly? Does any of this have relevance to what happens later in the "Shrew" play?

5. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV Scene i, occurs the following exchange between Titania the Fairy Queen and Bottom, her "rude mechanical" lover:

"What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?"

"I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones."

Find a comparable passage in the Induction.

ACT I

1. What incidents or moments in the first act are meant to make you laugh? Gather a few examples which lead you to expect the play to be a comedy: e.g., Gremio's anxious echo to Hortensio's exclamation "From all such devils, good Lord deliver us" (I, i) quickly reveals him as a probable butt for laughter.

2. What first impression does Bianca make
   a. on Lucentio?
   b. on the audience? What pieces of evidence, in the scene, contribute to the audience's impression?

3. Note in their turn your first impressions of Katharina, and of Petruchio: how are they created?

4. If you were directing this play, how would you cast Gremio? Make a list for the actor of the dramatic effects you would want him to achieve in Act I.

5. Tranio says about Lucentio in I, i, "Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance." What trance? Explain in full, analyzing the style and structure of Lucentio's preceding speeches.

6. Compare these speeches of Lucentio with Petruchio's speech beginning "Why came I hither but to that intent?" (I, ii.) In what way does the style of each speech contribute to our impression of the character speaking?

7. HORTENSIO: ". . . I would not wed her for a mine of gold."
PETRUCHIO: "Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect."

Collect more references from this act (and from the rest of the play) to the importance of money in marriage settlements. How seriously are you meant to take Petruchio's fortune-hunting? How seriously are you meant to take his wife-hunting?

8. Can you guess, from Act I, which of Bianca's suitors is likely to be the successful one? Why? (Make a list of the suitors, sorting out their identities, e.g., "Tranio disguised as Lucentio; a mock-suitor," etc.)

ACT II

1. PETRUCHIO: ". . . Pray, have you not a daughter/ Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?"
BAPTISTA: "I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina."

Discuss the ironies of this situation and dialogue in II, i. What pretenses are here developing?

2. What are your feelings toward each of the sisters at the end of the opening little sub-scene of Act II? Why is Kate so anxious to make Bianca say which suitor she prefers?

3. Does Kate's treatment of Hortensio as lute instructor make the audience sorry for Hortensio? laugh at Hortensio? Does it make him a more or less likely candidate for Bianca?

4. What do you think of the bargaining between Petruchio and Baptista? Are the terms equally open and generous on both sides?

5. Petruchio outlines his wooing plan before Kate's re-entry in this scene. Does he keep to it?

6. Who comes off better in the war of words in the wooing scene? Can you detect in it, as various critics have done, signs of attraction and even love, as well as hostility, between Petruchio and Kate? Compare their warfare with that of Gremio and Tranio later in the scene, noticing the different modes or kinds of comedy that Shakespeare introduces.

7. Do you feel a drop in the dramatic interest when Petru-

chio and Kate leave the stage? What sustains the dramatic interest of the subplot?

ACT III

1. Why, do you think, is Biondello brought on to give a descriptive account of Petruchio's and Gremio's attire, when we are to see this with our own eyes in a moment? This is only the first of several indirect accounts of Petruchio's dress and behavior in this act and the next. What function do you think Shakespeare meant these reports to perform?

2. How far do you sympathize with Baptista in his reproof to Petruchio for his dress at the wedding?

3. Contrast the comedy of this wedding scene with that of the preceding scene between Bianca and her "tutors." Each is intended to be amusing. How would you describe the two kinds of amusement?

4. Why won't the bridegroom stay to dinner after the wedding? Note throughout the play the occasions of feasts and banquets: how many are planned? how many are fully enjoyed?

5. The comments of Baptista, Bianca, and Gremio after the wedding all imply a likeness between Katharina and Petruchio. Does the play as a whole bear this out? What is the difference between real and feigning choler, as the play reveals it? Collect evidences of Petruchio's good will and good humor from all parts of the play.

ACT IV

1. How do the images relating to the training of a hawk, in Petruchio's soliloquy at the end of Act IV Scene i, illuminate Petruchio's methods and purposes with Kate? In the next scene Hortensio calls Bianca a "haggard"—and forswears her. Is she indeed a sister to Katharina in more than the literal sense?

2. PETRUCHIO: ". . . It shall be what o'clock I say it is." (end of IV, iii) What different impossibilities does Petruchio make Kate agree to? Trace the methods and stages of the taming process. How does Shakespeare make this believable?

3. Write a note on the use of minor characters—Gremio, the tradesmen, Hortensio—in these "taming" scenes. Consider the suggestion that they serve both to deflect and to express the audience's indignation on Kate's behalf.

4. Hortensio quits the pursuit of Bianca saying, "Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,/ Shall win my love." Is this a wise principle? How does it work for Hortensio?

ACT V

1. "My cake is dough," says Gremio at the end of Act V Scene i, the climax of the intrigue comedy of disguises and

plot unravelings. Does he deserve to have been outwitted? How do you feel about the deception of the other old men?

2. From her speeches and actions in this act, how far would you say Katharina has "changed" since the beginning of the play?

3. Why is the result of the wager about the obedience of the new wives unexpected to the characters onstage? Is it unexpected to the audience? Are there any other examples in the play of reversals perceived by the audience but only later realized by the *dramatis personae?*

4. As the audience returns to ordinary life from the romance and the laughter of Shakespeare's play, do they know, any better than Christopher Sly, which is the dream, which the reality?

GENERAL

1. Make a case for the claim that Sly's valedictory remark about the "Shrew" play, " 'Tis a very excellent piece of work . . . would 'twere done!" (end of I, i)

a. provides a bridge between Sly and each member of the audience (who hasn't been exposed to some cultural work he knows he *ought* to admire?) and

b. is a sufficient summing up of the Induction to the play.

2. Sly is the first unsuspecting victim of a trick, in the play. Name some others, and discuss what, if anything, justifies such deceptions.

3. Discuss the proposition that the play's emphasis on clothing, from Sly's changed raiment to Petruchio's wedding dress and Kate's caps, contributes not only laughter and plot elaboration, but also some comment on the gap between appearances and reality.

4. Write a note on disguises as a theme of the play. Is it possible to regard Katharina's bad temper as a kind of disguise which has to be stripped away before she can be revealed to herself?

5. Hortensio is a character with no consistent function in the plot, and no consistent status. Illustrate this by examining his function in different parts of the play.

6. Shakespeare's audience enjoyed jokes dependent upon playing with words: puns, learned allusions, elaborated metaphors, rhymes and jingles, slick and fluent rhetoric. Sometimes this wordplay falls very flat for a modern audience. How much does the humor in *The Shrew* depend upon it?

7. "What one requires in the theatre is, so to speak, a certain pressure of pleasurable sensation to the square inch, or rather to the minute." (William Archer in a letter to Gilbert Murray) Choose any one long scene from *The Shrew*—for example, Act II, Scene i, or Act III, Scene ii—and illustrate from it how Shakespeare sets about fulfilling this demand.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A LORD.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*
HOSTESS, PAGE, PLAYERS, HUNTSMEN, *and* SERVANTS.
} Persons in the Induction.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio.*
PEDANT.

KATHARINA *the shrew,* BIANCA, WIDOW. } *daughters to Baptista.*

TAILOR, HABERDASHER, *and* SERVANTS.

SCENE—*Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country.*

THE INDUCTION

A NOBLEMAN, returning with his retinue from hunting, discovers a beggar in a drunken sleep outside an alehouse door. He decides to carry him off to his mansion to play a trick on him, and plans elaborate sensual delights to deceive the beggar, Christopher Sly, into thinking himself a lord. A visiting troop of players is engaged to present a play before Sly, and a page is appointed to masquerade as Sly's "lady wife." When Sly awakens in his new setting, his vivid awareness of his own history and circumstances makes him resist the deception, but it presently overpowers him; accepting his new role—especially as husband of the new "wife"—he settles down to watch the play. He last speaks after the players' first scene; his story is thereafter dropped from the action.

INDUCTION. Scene I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

I'll pheeze you,[1] in faith.

HOSTESS.

A pair of stocks,[2] you rogue!

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the Chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror.[3] Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[4] let the world slide:[5] sessa![6]

HOSTESS.

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

No, not a denier.[7] Go by, Jeronimy;[8] go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

HOSTESS.

I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough.[9]

[*Exit.*

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law:

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[1] **pheeze you:** faze; do for you. [2] **stocks:** she threatens him with being put in the stocks. [3] **Richard Conqueror:** a mistake on Sly's part for the Norman William the Conqueror. [4] ***paucas pallabris:*** few words. [5] **let the world slide:** an expression denoting unconcern. [6] **sessa:** French *cessez*—have done. [7] **denier:** a small coin. [8] **Go by, Jeronimy:** from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy—"Hieronimo beware; go by, go by." [9] **thirdborough:** constable.

I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.
[Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a LORD *from hunting, with* HUNTSMEN *and* SERVANTS.

LORD.
Huntsman, I charge thee, tender[1] well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is imbost:[2]
And couple Clowder with the deep mouth'd brach.[3]
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? [4]
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUNTSMAN.
Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,[5]
And twice to-day pickt out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD.
Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUNTSMAN.
I will, my lord.

LORD.
What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

SECOND HUNTSMAN.
He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD.
O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—

---

[1] **tender:** look after.
[2] **imbost:** exhausted by the chase; foaming at the mouth.
[3] **brach:** hound bitch.
[4] **coldest fault:** faintest scent.
[5] **at the merest loss:** when the scent was entirely lost.

Sirs, I will practise on[1] this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet[2] clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave[3] attendants near him when he wakes,—
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

FIRST HUNTSMAN.

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

SECOND HUNTSMAN.

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

LORD.

Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton[4] pictures:
Balm[5] his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet[6] and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight[7]
And with a low submissive reverence[8]
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,[9]
And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:[10]

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[1] **practise on:** play a trick on. [2] **sweet:** perfumed. [3] **brave:** handsomely dressed. [4] **wanton:** erotic; amorous. [5] **Balm:** perfume. [6] **dulcet:** sweet. [7] **straight:** immediately. [8] **reverence:** bow. [9] **diaper:** towel. [10] **disease:** indisposition.

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;[1]
And when he says he *is*—, say that he *dreams*,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[2] gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing[3] excellent,
If it be husbanded[4] with modesty.[5]

FIRST HUNTSMAN.

My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As[6] he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD.

'Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office[7] when he wakes.

[SLY *is borne out. Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah,[8] go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Belike,[9] some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Enter SERVANT.

How now! who is it?

SERVANT.

An it please your honour,
Players[10] that offer service to your lordship.

LORD.

Bid them come near.

Enter PLAYERS.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS.

We thank your honour.

LORD.

Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

SECOND PLAYER.

So please your lordship to accept our duty.[11]

---

[1] **lunatic**: temporarily out of his senses. [2] **kindly**: in a natural way. [3] **passing**: exceedingly. [4] **husbanded**: managed. [5] **modesty**: delicacy. [6] **As**: so that. [7] **office**: duty. [8] **Sirrah**: a familiar term of address. [9] **Belike**: perhaps. [10] **Players**: actors; entertainers. [11] **duty**: service.

LORD.

With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

FIRST PLAYER.

I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

LORD.

'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;[1]
The rather[2] for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning[3] can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;[4]
Lest, over-eying[5] of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion,[6]
And so offend him; for, I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.[7]

FIRST PLAYER.

Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick[8] in the world.

LORD.

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[9]
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exit one with the* PLAYERS.

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

[*to another* SERVANT.

And see him drest in all suits like a lady:[10]
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

---

[1] **in happy time:** at an opportune moment. [2] **The rather:** all the more so. [3] **cunning:** skill. [4] **modesties:** ability to carry it out; discretions. [5] **over-eying:** observing. [6] **merry passion:** unrestrained laughter. [7] **impatient:** angry. [8] **antick:** clown. [9] **buttery:** pantry. [10] **in all suits like a lady:** in everything that it would be suitable for a lady to wear.

And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him for me,—as he will win my love,—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:[1]
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, 'What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;[2]
Which in a napkin[3] being close[4] convey'd,
Shall in despite[5] enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatcht with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit* SERVANT.
I know the boy will well usurp[6] the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply[7] my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen[8]

---

[1] **accomplished:** performed. [2] **shift:** trick. [3] **napkin:** handkerchief. [4] **close:** *secretly.* [5] **in despite:** *in spite of his reluctance* (to cry). [6] **usurp:** imitate. [7] **haply:** perhaps. [8] **spleen:** an organ of the body once thought to be the seat of the emotions, laughter as well as anger.

Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A bedchamber in the LORD'S *house.*

Enter aloft the drunkard SLY, *with* ATTENDANTS; *some with apparel, basin, ewer, and other appurtenances; and* LORD.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

For God's sake, a pot of small [1] ale.

FIRST SERVANT.

Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack? [2]

SECOND SERVANT.

Will't please your honour taste of these conserves? [3]

THIRD SERVANT.

What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef:[4] ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets[5] than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,—nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

LORD.

Heaven cease this idle humour[6] in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education

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[1] **small:** weak.
[2] **sack:** a white wine.
[3] **conserves:** candied or preserved fruit.
[4] **conserves of beef:** salt beef.
[5] **doublets:** coats.
[6] **idle humour:** mad obsession.

a card-maker,[1] by transmutation a bear-herd,[2] and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score[3] for sheer ale,[4] score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:[5] here's—

FIRST SERVANT.

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

SECOND SERVANT.

O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

LORD.

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts[6] from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo[7] plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.[8]
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapt,[9]
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin[10] answer them,

---

[1] **card-maker:** a maker of the combs (cards) used in wool carding. [2] **bear-herd:** bear keeper. [3] **on the score:** on the tab. [4] **sheer ale:** straight ale. [5] **bestraught:** distraught; mad. [6] **ancient thoughts:** former reasoning. [7] **Apollo:** god of music. [8] **Semiramis:** a legendary Assyrian queen noted for her beauty and her many lovers. [9] **trapt:** equipped with trappings. [10] **welkin:** sky.

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.[1]

FIRST SERVANT.

Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed [2] stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

SECOND SERVANT.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight[3]
Adonis[4] painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea[5] all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton[6] with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD.

We'll show thee Io[7] as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,[8]
As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERVANT.

Or Daphne[9] roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD.

Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

FIRST SERVANT.

And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious[10] floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

---

[1] **hollow earth**: the world was supposed to be hollow in Elizabethan days. [2] **breathed**: exercised; chased. [3] **straight**: immediately. [4] **Adonis**: in Greek mythology, a beautiful youth beloved by Venus. [5] **Cytherea**: one of Venus' names. [6] **wanton**: play amorously. [7] **Io**: daughter of the river god Inachus. [8] **beguiled and surprised**: bewitched and captured (by Jupiter). [9] **Daphne**: a nymph loved and pursued by Apollo. [10] **envious**: hateful; hostile.

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again a pot o' th' smallest ale.

SECOND SERVANT.

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[SERVANTS *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit[1] restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

These fifteen years! by my fay,[2] a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of[3] all that time?

FIRST SERVANT.

O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;[4]
And say, you would present her at the leet,[5]
Because she brought stone[6] jugs and no seal'd quarts:[7]
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

THIRD SERVANT.

Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

---

[1] wit: reason. [2] fay: faith. [3] of: in. [4] house: inn. [5] leet: a manorial court at which petty offenses were tried. [6] stone: earthenware. [7] seal'd quarts: stamped to certify the contents.

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends! [1]

ALL.

Amen.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the PAGE *as a lady, with* ATTENDANTS.

PAGE.

How fares my noble lord?

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Marry,[2] I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

PAGE.

Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.[3]

PAGE.

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

I know it well.—What must I call her?

LORD.

Madam.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD.

Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

---

[1] amends: recovery.
[2] Marry: a mild oath—by the Virgin Mary.
[3] goodman: husband.

PAGE.

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd [1] from your bed.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

PAGE.

Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry[2] so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a MESSENGER.

SERVANT.

Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,[3]
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,[4]
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty[5] a Christmas gambol [6] or a tumbling-trick?

---

[1] **abandon'd**: banished; expelled.
[2] **tarry**: delay.
[3] **hearing your amendment**: hearing of your recovery.
[4] **meet**: fitting.
[5] **commonty**: used ludicrously for *comedy*.
[6] **gambol**: frolic.

PAGE.

No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

What, household stuff?

PAGE.

It is a kind of history.[1]

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Well, we'll see't.—Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip:[2] we shall ne'er be younger.[3]

---

[1] **history:** story.

[2] **slip:** go by.

[3] **we shall ne'er be younger:** in other words, "When the sunne shineth, make hay."—Heywood's Proverbes.

The Taming of the Shrew

ACT I

ACT I

THE PLAY presented before Sly introduces a young nobleman, Lucentio, newly arrived in Padua to study, and his servant Tranio. They become witnesses to a scene in which a wealthy father, Baptista, is putting off two suitors of his younger daughter, Bianca. Baptista decrees that she may not be wooed until his elder daughter, Katharina the "shrew," is married. Bianca in her seclusion is to be offered the compensation of learned tutors in the arts. When the family retires, Bianca's suitors, Gremio and Hortensio, agree to look for a husband for Katharina, and quickly find a candidate in Hortensio's friend, Petruchio, also visiting in Padua. Petruchio declares he wants a rich wife, and is exhilarated by the challenge of a difficult one. Lucentio, instantly in love with Bianca, changes clothes with Tranio, and gets the elderly Gremio to hire him as a tutor who will secretly press Gremio's suit. Hortensio meanwhile has also planned to woo by stealth, disguised as a music master. Tranio, posing as Lucentio, announces himself as another suitor to Bianca; but all the prospective husbands suspend their rivalries to go off and feast together.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. A public place.

Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO *and his man* TRANIO.

LUCENTIO.

Tranio, since, for[1] the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for[2] fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved [3] in all;
Here let us breathe,[4] and haply institute[5]
A course of learning and ingenious[6] studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave[7] citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,[8]
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:

---

[1] **for:** because of. [2] **for:** in. [3] **approved:** proved; tested. [4] **breathe:** pause. [5] **haply institute:** perhaps begin. [6] **ingenious:** intellectual. [7] **grave:** learned; dignified. [8] **my father first:** my father before me.

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash,[1] to plunge him in the deep,[2]
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRANIO.

Mi perdonate,[3] gentle master mine,
I am in all affected [4] as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks,[5] I pray;
Or so devote[6] to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:[7]
Balk logic[8] with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken[9] you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach[10] serves you;
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.[11]

LUCENTIO.

Gramercies,[12] Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

TRANIO.

Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

---

[1] **plash**: puddle. [2] **in the deep**: in the sea. [3] ***Mi perdonate***: pardon me (bad Italian). [4] **affected**: inclined. [5] **stocks**: unfeeling wooden creatures. [6] **devote**: devoted. [7] **As Ovid . . . abjured**: as to make Ovid (*the Roman poet*) *an outcast, completely renounced.* [8] **Balk logic**: bandy arguments. [9] **quicken**: stimulate; enliven. [10] **stomach**: appetite. [11] **affect**: prefer. [12] **Gramercies**: *grande-merci*—many thanks.

Enter BAPTISTA *with his two daughters,* KATHARINA *and* BIANCA; GREMIO, *a pantaloon;*[1] *and* HORTENSIO, *suitor to* BIANCA. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand by.*

BAPTISTA.

Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO.

To cart her[2] rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATHARINA [*to* BAPTISTA].

I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale[3] of me among these mates? [4]

HORTENSIO.

Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates[5] for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHARINA.

I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis[6] it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle[7] with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face,[8] and use you like a fool.

HORTENSIO.

From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

GREMIO.

And me too, good Lord!

---

[1] **pantaloon:** a stock character in old Italian comedies; the role of a man in his dotage, usually the butt of the other characters. [2] **cart her:** prostitutes were sometimes drawn around in open carts to be jeered at by the public. [3] **stale:** laughingstock. [4] **mates:** low persons. [5] **mates:** suitors. [6] **I wis:** indeed; certainly. [7] **noddle:** head; pate. [8] **paint your face:** scratch your face until it bleeds.

TRANIO [*aside to* LUCENTIO].

Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward:[1]
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful[2] froward.[3]

LUCENTIO [*aside to* TRANIO].

But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

TRANIO [*aside to* LUCENTIO].

Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

BAPTISTA.

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATHARINA.

A pretty peat![4] it is best put finger in the eye, an she knew why.[5]

BIANCA.

Sister, content you in my discontent.—[6]
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:[7]
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

LUCENTIO [*aside to* TRANIO].

Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva[8] speak.

HORTENSIO.

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?[9]
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

GREMIO.

Why, will you mew her up,[10]
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

---

[1] **toward:** in the offing. [2] **wonderful:** wonderfully. [3] **froward:** perverse; bold. [4] **peat:** little pet. [5] **it is best . . . why:** a nursery expression, meaning "crybaby." [6] **content you in my discontent:** take pleasure from my unhappiness. [7] **subscribe:** assent; agree. [8] **Minerva:** goddess of wisdom. [9] **strange:** unnatural. [10] **mew her up:** shut her up (as in a mews for hawks or falcons).

BAPTISTA.

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:—
Go in, Bianca:— [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer[1] them hither; for to cunning[2] men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so, farewell.—Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

KATHARINA.

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,[3] I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

GREMIO.

You may go to the devil's dam:[4] your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.—Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,[5] and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides.[6] Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish[7] him to her father.

HORTENSIO.

So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel[8] yet never brookt parle,[9] know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

---

[1] **Prefer:** recommend. [2] **cunning:** skillful. [3] **belike:** perhaps. [4] **dam:** mother. [5] **blow our nails together:** a gesture of unconcern. [6] **our cake's dough on both sides:** our plans have fallen through. [7] **wish:** recommend. [8] **quarrel:** rivalry. [9] **never brookt parle:** *that is, the subject of our rivalry has never come to words, or been discussed.*

GREMIO.

What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO.

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO.

A husband! a devil.

HORTENSIO.

I say, a husband.

GREMIO.

I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool [1] to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO.

Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums,[2] why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults and money enough.

GREMIO.

I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipt at the high-cross[3] every morning.

HORTENSIO.

Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar[4] in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.[5]—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole![6] He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO.

I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in

---

[1] **so very a fool:** such an absolute fool.
[2] **alarums:** noises (as of battle).
[3] **high-cross:** a high cross erected in the public square.
[4] **bar:** impediment.
[5] **have to't afresh:** continue our rivalry for Bianca anew.
[6] **Happy man be his dole:** may the winner's lot be a happy one.

Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRANIO.

I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO.

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But, see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:[1]
And now in plainness[2] do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage[3] was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve[4] not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO.

Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[5] from the heart:
If love have toucht you, naught remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[6]

LUCENTIO.

Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents:[7]
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRANIO.

Master, you lookt so longly[8] on the maid,
Perhaps you markt not[9] what's the pith[10] of all.

LUCENTIO.

O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[11] had,

---

[1] **love in idleness:** having nothing else to do, I have fallen in love; a pun on another name for pansy, the flower. [2] **plainness:** frankness. [3] **Anna . . . Carthage:** Anna, sister of Dido, tried to console Dido after her desertion by Aeneas. [4] **achieve:** win. [5] **rated:** berated. [6] ***Redime . . . minimo:*** *redeem yourself from captivity* at the lowest possible price. [7] **contents:** satisfies me. [8] **longly:** longingly. [9] ***markt not:*** failed to notice. [10] **pith:** meaning. [11] **daughter of Agenor:** Europa.

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strand.[1]

TRANIO.

Saw you no more? markt you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO.

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRANIO.

Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,[2]
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because[3] she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

LUCENTIO.

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO.

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

LUCENTIO.

I have it, Tranio.

TRANIO.

Master, for[4] my hand,
Both our inventions[5] meet and jump in one.[6]

LUCENTIO.

Tell me thine first.

---

[1] **the Cretan strand:** the shores of Crete.
[2] **curst and shrewd:** cantankerous and shrewish (ill-tempered).
[3] **Because:** so that.
[4] **for:** by.
[5] **inventions:** inventions of the imagination; plans.
[6] **jump in one:** coincide; agree.

TRANIO.

You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.[1]

LUCENTIO.

It is: may it be done?

TRANIO.

Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book;[2] welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

LUCENTIO.

Basta;[3] content thee; for I have it full.[4]
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguisht by our faces
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[5] and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatcht, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee;[6] take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm[7] him first to keep his tongue.

TRANIO.

So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith[8] it your pleasure is,
And I am tied [9] to be obedient,—
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense,—
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

---

[1] **device:** ruse. [2] **ply his book:** keep his books. [3] **Basta:** enough. [4] **I have it full:** the entire situation is clear in my mind. [5] **port:** manner of living. [6] **Uncase thee:** take off your cloak. [7] **charm:** persuade. [8] **sith:** since. [9] **tied:** bound.

LUCENTIO.

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t'achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd [1] my wounded [2] eye.—
Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO.

Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes? or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

LUCENTIO.

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance[3] on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:[4]
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

BIONDELLO.

I, sir! Ne'er a whit.

LUCENTIO.

And not a jot[5] of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO.

The better for him: would I were so too!

TRANIO.

So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

---

[1] **thrall'd**: enslaved.
[2] **wounded**: smitten.
[3] **countenance**: appearance.
[4] **descried**: seen.
[5] **a jot**: the slightest mention.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO.

Tranio, let's go:
One thing more rests,[1] that thyself execute,—
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

The Presenters[2] *above speak.*

FIRST SERVANT.

My lord, you nod; you do not mind [3] the play.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

PAGE.

My lord, 'tis but begun.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*[4]

Scene II.

The same. Before HORTENSIO'S *house.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and his man* GRUMIO.

PETRUCHIO.

Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved [5] friend,

---

[1] *rests:* remains.
[2] *Presenters:* actors.
[3] mind: heed: care for.
[4] *mark:* watch.
[5] approved: tried and true.

Hortensio; and I trow[1] this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO.

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused[2] your worship?

PETRUCHIO.

Villain, I say, knock me[3] here soundly.

GRUMIO.

Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO.

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.[4]

GRUMIO.

My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO.

Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*,[5] and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.

GRUMIO.

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PETRUCHIO.

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

HORTENSIO.

How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO.

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

---

[1] **trow:** think.
[2] **rebused:** abused.
[3] **me:** for me.
[4] **pate:** head.
[5] ***sol, fa:*** notes of the scale.

Con tutto il cuore ben trovato,[1] may I say.

HORTENSIO.

Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.—[2]

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound [3] this quarrel.

GRUMIO [*rising*].

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges[4] in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty,—a pip out? [5]

Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PETRUCHIO.

A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO.

Knock at the gate!—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

PETRUCHIO.

Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO.

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:[6]
Why, this' [7] a heavy chance[8] twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

---

[1] ***Con tutto il cuore ben trovato:*** welcome (well met), with all my heart. [2] ***Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio*** **Petruchio:** welcome to our home, my most honored *Signor* Petruchio. [3] **compound:** settle. [4] **'leges:** alleges. [5] **two-and-thirty, —a pip out:** drunk (from the card game "Trentuno" (thirty and one); pip—one of the markings on a playing card. [6] **pledge:** sponsor. [7] **this':** this is. [8] **heavy chance:** sad state of affairs.

PETRUCHIO.

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[1]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply[2] to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO.

Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,[3]
And wish thee to a shrewd [4] ill-favour'd [5] wife?
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO.

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—
As wealth is burthen[6] of my wooing dance,—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[7]
As old as Sibyl,[8] and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe,[9] or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO.

Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why,

---

[1] **in a few:** in as few words as possible. [2] **Haply:** perhaps. [3] **come roundly to thee:** speak in plain terms to you. [4] **shrewd:** shrewish. [5] **ill-favour'd:** ugly. [6] **burthen:** refrain; tune. [7] **Florentius' love:** when Florentius must find an answer to the riddle, "What do women most desire?" an old hag volunteers to tell him if he will marry her; after the marriage, she changes into a beautiful young woman. [8] **Sibyl:** the Cumean Sibyl, whose years were as the grains of sand in a pile. [9] **Xantippe:** the scolding wife of Socrates.

give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet[1] or an aglet-baby;[2] or an old trot[3] with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO.

Petruchio, since we are stept[4] thus far in,
I will continue that[5] I broacht in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault—and that is faults enough—
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO.

Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board[6] her, though she chide[7] as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HORTENSIO.

Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO.

I know her father, though I know not her:
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over[8] at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

---

[1] **puppet:** doll; plaything. [2] **aglet-baby:** a small figure engraved in a jewel (usually an agate stone). [3] **trot:** hag. [4] **are stept:** have come. [5] **that:** that which. [6] **board:** capture; win. [7] **chide:** scold; complain. [8] **give you over:** leave you.

GRUMIO.

I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O'[1] my word, an[2] she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[3] I'll tell you what, sir, —an she stand[4] him but a little, he will throw a figure[5] in her face, and so disfigure[6] her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal[7] than a cat. You know him not, sir.

HORTENSIO.

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,[8]
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,—
For those defects[9] I have before rehearsed,—
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,[10]
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO.

Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO.

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;[11]
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen[12] in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least

---

[1] **O'**: on. [2] **an**: if. [3] **rope-tricks**: roguery (with a play on "rhetoric"). [4] **stand**: withstand. [5] **throw a figure**: use some high-flown expression. [6] **disfigure**: confuse. [7] **withal**: with. [8] **in hold**: in his keeping. [9] **defects**: handicaps. [10] **ta'en**: literally, taken, but here *given*. [11] **grace**: a favor. [12] **seen**: versed.

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

GRUMIO.

Here's no knavery! [1] See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter GREMIO *and* LUCENTIO *disguised.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO.

Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.—
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

GRUMIO.

A proper[2] stripling and an amorous! [*They stand aside.*

GREMIO.

O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;[3]
And see you read no other lectures[4] to her:
You understand me:—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend [5] it with a largess:[6]—take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfumed;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO.

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron,—stand you so assured,—
As firmly as yourself were still in place:[7]
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GREMIO.

O this learning! what a thing it is!

---

[1] **Here's no knavery:** (said sarcastically). [2] **proper:** handsome (*ironical*). [3] **at any hand:** in any case. [4] **lectures:** books (instruction). [5] **mend:** supplement. [6] **largess:** gift (of money). [7] **in place:** present.

GRUMIO.

O this woodcock! [1] what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO.

Peace, sirrah!

HORTENSIO.

Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward*] God save you, Signior Gremio!

GREMIO.

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you[2] whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well [3]
On this young man; for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

HORTENSIO.

'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO.

Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

GRUMIO [*aside*].

And that his bags[4] shall prove.

HORTENSIO.

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent[5] our love:
Listen to me; and if you speak me fair,[6]
I'll tell you news indifferent[7] good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement[8] from us to his liking,

---

[1] **woodcock:** an easily caught bird; hence, a fool. [2] **Trow you:** know you. [3] **lighted well:** fortunately chanced. [4] **bags:** moneybags. [5] **vent:** express; utter. [6] **speak me fair:** agree with me. [7] **indifferent:** equally. [8] **Upon agreement:** on terms.

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GREMIO.

So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO.

I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO.

No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? [1]

PETRUCHIO.

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

GREMIO.

O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange! [2]
But if you have a stomach,[3] to't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO.

Will I live?

GRUMIO.

Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

PETRUCHIO.

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed [4] with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums,[5] neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?

---

[1] **What countryman:** where do you come from.
[2] **strange:** unnatural.
[3] **a stomach:** the courage.
[4] **chafed:** irritated; heated.
[5] **'larums:** alarums; alarms (sounds of battle).

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th'ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.[1]

GRUMIO.

For he fears none.

GREMIO.

Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

HORTENSIO.

I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge[2] of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GREMIO.

And so we will,—provided that he win her.

GRUMIO.

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO *brave*,[3] *and* BIONDELLO.

TRANIO.

Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest[4] way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

GREMIO.

He that has the two fair daughters,—is't he you mean?

TRANIO.

Even he.—Biondello,—

GREMIO.

Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

TRANIO.

Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

PETRUCHIO.

Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

---

[1] **fear boys with bugs:** frighten boys with tales of bogeymen.
[2] **charge:** expense.
[3] ***brave:*** expensively dressed.
[4] **readiest:** shortest.

TRANIO.

I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

LUCENTIO [*aside*].

Well begun, Tranio.

HORTENSIO.

Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO.

An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

GREMIO.

No; if without more words you will get you hence.

TRANIO.

Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

GREMIO.

But so is not she.

TRANIO.

For what reason, I beseech you?

GREMIO.

For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice[1] love of Signior Gremio.

HORTENSIO.

That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRANIO.

Softly,[2] my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,[3]—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter[4] had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

---

[1] **choice**: chosen.
[2] **Softly**: go easy.
[3] **Do me this right**: accord me this courtesy.
[4] **Leda's daughter**: Helen of Troy.

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris[1] came in hope to speed[2] alone.

GREMIO.

What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

LUCENTIO.

Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.[3]

PETRUCHIO.

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

HORTENSIO.

Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

TRANIO.

No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO.

Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

GREMIO.

Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.[4]

PETRUCHIO.

Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:[5]
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken[6] for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO.

If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead[7] us all, and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap[8] shall be to have her

---

[1] **Paris:** the Trojan prince who stole Helen of Troy from her husband, King Menelaus. [2] **speed:** succeed. [3] **jade:** a nag that soon tires. [4] **Alcides' twelve:** another name for Hercules—the twelve heroic labors of Hercules. [5] **sooth:** truth. [6] **hearken:** lie in wait. [7] **stead:** help. [8] **hap:** good luck.

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.[1]

HORTENSIO.

Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify[2] this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.[3]

TRANIO.

Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive[4] this afternoon,
And quaff carouses[5] to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO *and* BIONDELLO.

O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

HORTENSIO.

The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.[6] [*Exeunt.*

[1] **to be ingrate:** as to be ungrateful. [2] **gratify:** reward. [3] **we all rest generally beholding:** we all remain indebted. [4] **contrive:** while away the time. [5] **carouses:** full tankards. [6] ***ben venuto:*** sponsor (see that you are made welcome and introduced to Bianca).

The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 2

ACT II

KATHARINA demonstrates her violent temper in a scene where she demands to know which suitor Bianca prefers. Baptista, entering, is almost powerless to stop his daughters' quarrel. He is soon after delighted to agree to Petruchio's heaven-sent offer to marry Kate, given a proper dowry, though he hardly dares to hope that Petruchio will go through with it. Petruchio and Gremio now present their "tutors" for the girls: Hortensio as Licio, music master, and Lucentio as Cambio, Latin tutor. Before Petruchio and Katharina can meet, Katharina finds a vent for her undirected fury by breaking a lute on Licio's head; nevertheless, Petruchio proceeds undismayed with his "wooing." He and Kate meet in verbal combat, and once Kate strikes him; but Petruchio, overriding Katharina's objections, proclaims success, and they are speedily betrothed.

Now Baptista gives ear to the rival boasts of wealth made by young Tranio (as Lucentio) and old Gremio. Tranio seems the richer, but Baptista foxily requires him to produce his father's guarantee for the promised wealth before he may gain Bianca, and Tranio is left plotting a way to invent a father.

ACT II. Scene I.

Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter KATHARINA, *and* BIANCA *with her hands bound.*

BIANCA.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gauds,[1]
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do.
So well I know my duty to my elders.

[1] **gauds:** trinkets; ornaments.

KATHARINA.

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA.

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHARINA.

Minion,[1] thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA.

If you affect[2] him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATHARINA.

O, then, belike[3] you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.[4]

BIANCA.

Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then, you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATHARINA.

If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAPTISTA.

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding[5] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

---

[1] **Minion:** saucy one; minx; spoiled darling.
[2] **affect:** are inclined toward.
[3] **belike:** perhaps.
[4] **fair:** richly dressed.
[5] ***hilding:*** wretch.

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHARINA.

Her silence flouts[1] me, and I'll be revenged.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

BAPTISTA [*holding her back*].

What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.

KATHARINA.

What, will you not suffer[2] me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,[3]
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[4]
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

BAPTISTA.

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;*[5] PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician, and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

GREMIO.

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA.

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO.

And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA.

I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

GREMIO.

You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

---

[1] ***flouts:*** *insults.* [2] ***suffer:*** *tolerate.* [3] **dance barefoot . . . day:** an allusion to an Elizabethan custom of an older unmarried sister dancing barefooted at the younger sister's wedding. [4] **lead apes in hell:** the proverbial destiny of women who never married. [5] ***a mean man:*** i.e., a man of humble position.

PETRUCHIO.

You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward [1] guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance[2] to my entertainment,[3]
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning[4] in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA.

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn,[5] the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO.

I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA.

Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA.

I knew him well: you are welcome for his sake.

GREMIO.

Saving your tale,[6] Petruchio, I pray,

---

[1] **forward**: bold.
[2] **entrance**: entrance fee.
[3] **entertainment**: welcome.
[4] **Cunning**: skillful.
[5] **not for your turn**: not suitable for you.
[6] **Saving your tale**: an apology for interrupting Baptista.

Let us, that are poor petitioners,[1] speak too:
Baccare! [2] you are marvellous[3] forward.

PETRUCHIO.

O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

GREMIO.

I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio: pray, accept his service.

BAPTISTA.

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to* TRANIO], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO.

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.[4]
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,

---

[1] **poor petitioners:** humble suitors.
[2] **Baccare:** back (bad Latin).
[3] **marvellous:** marvelously.
[4] **the preferment of the eldest sister:** the necessity for the marriage of Katharina before Bianca is allowed to wed; the precedence of Katharina over Bianca.

I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Lucentio is my name.

BAPTISTA.

Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO.

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA.

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [to HORTENSIO] the lute, and you [to LUCENTIO] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.—[1]
Holla, within!

Enter a SERVANT.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit* SERVANT, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO

We will go walk a little in the orchard,[2]
And then to dinner. You are passing[3] welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO.

Signior Baptista, my business asketh[4] haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

---

[1] **presently:** immediately.
[2] **orchard:** garden.
[3] **passing:** exceedingly.
[4] **asketh:** demands.

BAPTISTA.

After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession[1] twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO.

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[2] be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties[3] be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants[4] may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA.

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory[5] as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough,[6] and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA.

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! [7]
But be thou arm'd [8] for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO.

Ay, to the proof;[9] as mountains are for winds,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broke.*[10]

BAPTISTA.

How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO.

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA.

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

---

[1] **in possession:** as a wedding gift. [2] **widowhood:** widow's share of the property, or estate. [3] **specialties:** legal contracts [4] **covenants:** agreements. [5] **peremptory:** short-tempered. [6] **rough:** masterful. [7] **speed:** success. [8] **arm'd:** prepared. [9] **to the proof:** to the test (as armor is proved). [10] ***head broke:*** head bleeding from a cut on it.

HORTENSIO.

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA.

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO.

Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[1]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them:'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed [2] for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack,[3] with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse[4] me so.

PETRUCHIO.

Now, by the world, it is a lusty[5] wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA.

Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt[6] to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO.

I pray you do; I will attend [7] her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

---

[1] **frets**: ridges of metal, ivory, etc., set across the finger board of stringed instruments. [2] **amazed**: stunned. [3] **Jack**: a term of contempt. [4] **misuse**: abuse. [5] **lusty**: lively. [6] **apt**: quick; ready. [7] **attend**: wait for.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washt with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack,[1] I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny[2] to wed, I'll crave[3] the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA.

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:[4]
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO.

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates,[5]—and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,[6]
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA.

Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither

---

[1] **pack:** be off.
[2] **deny:** refuse.
[3] **crave:** beg for.
[4] **something hard of hearing:** somewhat deaf.
[5] **cates:** dainty tidbits (a pun on her name).
[6] **sounded:** talked about.

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.[1]

PETRUCHIO.

Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA.

A joint-stool.[2]

PETRUCHIO.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHARINA.

No such jade[3] as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO.

Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATHARINA.

Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO.

Should be! [4] should—buzz! [5]

KATHARINA.

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.[6]

PETRUCHIO.

O slow-wing'd turtle! [7] shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHARINA.

Ay, for a turtle,—as he takes a buzzard.[8]

PETRUCHIO.

Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

KATHARINA.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO.

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

---

[1] **moveable:** i.e., like a piece of furniture. [2] **joint-stool:** a stool made by a joiner, rather than a carpenter. [3] **jade:** a worthless old nag; hence, a worthless person. [4] **be:** a pun on "bee." [5] **buzz:** the buzzing sound of a bee. [6] **buzzard:** hawk. [7] **turtle:** turtle-dove. [8] **Ay . . . buzzard:** that is, it would be as unlikely for Kate to mate with Petruchio as for a turtledove to mate with a hawk.

KATHARINA.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO.

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATHARINA.

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO.

Whose tongue?

KATHARINA.

Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO.

What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATHARINA.

That I'll try.[1]

[She strikes him.

PETRUCHIO.

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATHARINA.

So may you lose your arms:[2]
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

PETRUCHIO.

A herald,[3] Kate? O, put me in thy books! [4]

KATHARINA.

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO.

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHARINA.

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.[5]

---

[1] **try:** test.
[2] **arms:** coat of arms.
[3] **herald:** an expert in heraldry.
[4] **in thy books:** in the registers of heraldry; in other words, in your good books.
[5] **craven:** a gamecock that refuses to fight.

PETRUCHIO.
Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
KATHARINA.
It is my fashion[1] when I see a crab.[2]
PETRUCHIO.
Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
KATHARINA.
There is, there is.
PETRUCHIO.
Then show it me.
KATHARINA.
Had I a glass,[3] I would.
PETRUCHIO.
What, you mean my face?
KATHARINA.
Well aim'd of[4] such a young[5] one.
PETRUCHIO.
Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
KATHARINA.
Yet you are wither'd.[6]
PETRUCHIO.
'Tis with cares.
KATHARINA.
I care not.
PETRUCHIO.
Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape[7] not so.
KATHARINA.
I chafe[8] you, if I tarry: let me go.
PETRUCHIO.
No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy,[9] and sullen,

---

[1] **fashion**: custom. [2] **crab**: crab apple. [3] **glass**: mirror. [4] **aim'd of**: guessed for. [5] **young**: inexperienced. [6] **wither'd**: wrinkled. [7] **scape**: escape. [8] **chafe**: irritate. [9] **coy**: disdainful; haughty.

And now I find report a very[1] liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,[2]
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference,[3] soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.[4]

KATHARINA.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.[5]

PETRUCHIO.

Did ever Dian[6] so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

KATHARINA.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO.

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHARINA.

A witty mother! witless else her son.[7]

PETRUCHIO.

Am I not wise?

KATHARINA.

Yes; keep you warm.[8]

---

[1] *very*: downright. [2] **askance**: scornful. [3] **conference**: conversation. [4] **halt**: limp. [5] **whom thou keep'st command**: boss your servants, not me. [6] **Dian**: Diana—goddess of chastity and the chase. [7] **witless else her son**: if your mother had not been witty, then you would have been a fool. [8] **keep you warm**: a reference to the old proverb—"He has wit enough to keep warm."

PETRUCHIO.

Marry,[1] so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you,[2] I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;[3]
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate[4] to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

BAPTISTA.

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you[5] with
My daughter?

PETRUCHIO.

How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA.

Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps? [6]

KATHARINA.

Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PETRUCHIO.

Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,

---

[1] **Marry:** by the Virgin Mary. [2] **will you, nill you:** whether you want me or not; willy-nilly (nill is an old form of *will not*). [3] **for your turn:** to suit you. [4] **wild Kate:** i.e., wildcat. [5] **how speed you:** what success are you having. [6] **dumps:** low-spirited; downcast.

That talkt of her, have talkt amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,[1]
For she's not froward,[2] but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,[3]
And Roman Lucrece[4] for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATHARINA.

I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GREMIO.

Hark, Petruchio; she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

TRANIO.

Is this your speeding? [5] nay, then, good night our part!

PETRUCHIO.

Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still [6] be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast,[7] protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink[8] she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world [9] to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock[10] wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst[11] the wedding-day.—

---

[1] **for policy:** for a hidden purpose. [2] **froward:** perverse. [3] **Grissel:** patient Griselda, a lady in *The Canterbury Tales*. [4] **Lucrece:** a noble Roman who killed herself after being raped by Tarquin (the subject of Shakespeare's long poem, "The Rape of Lucrece"). [5] **speeding:** success. [6] **still:** always. [7] **vied so fast:** matched me so eagerly. [8] **twink:** twinkling. [9] **a world:** worth a world. [10] **meacock:** meak. [11] **'gainst:** in preparation for.

Provide the feast, father, and bid [1] *the guests;*
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.[2]

BAPTISTA.

I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

GREMIO *and* TRANIO.

Amen, *say we: we will be witnesses.*

PETRUCHIO.

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *severally.*

GREMIO.

Was ever match clapt up[3] so suddenly?

BAPTISTA.

Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.[4]

TRANIO.

'Twas a commodity lay fretting[5] by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAPTISTA.

The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

GREMIO.

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRANIO.

And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

---

[1] **bid:** invite.
[2] **fine:** i.e., finely dressed.
[3] **clapt up:** arranged.
[4] **mart:** bargain.
[5] **fretting:** going to waste (as to fret away).

GREMIO.

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO.

Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO.

But thine doth fry.

Skipper,[1] stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

TRANIO.

But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAPTISTA.

Content you, gentlemen: I will compound [2] this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,[3]
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GREMIO.

First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave[4] her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian[5] tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuft my crowns;[6]
In cypress chests my arras-counterpoints,[7]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey[8] cushions bost[9] with pearl,
Valance of Venice[10] gold in needlework;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,[11]
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.[12]
Myself am struck[13] in years, I must confess;

---

[1] **Skipper:** one who lacks maturity; upstart (unsteady on his legs). [2] **compound:** settle. [3] **he, of both:** whichever of the two. [4] **lave:** wash. [5] **Tyrian:** a rich reddish-purple dye. [6] **crowns:** gold coins. [7] **arras-counterpoints:** tapestry counterpanes (from Arras, France). [8] **Turkey:** Turkish. [9] **bost:** *embroidered.* [10] **Valance of Venice:** Venetian hangings (draperies). [11] **milch-kine to the pail:** cows giving milk for the dairy. [12] **portion:** proportion (for such magnificence). [13] **struck:** advanced.

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO.

That 'only' came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats[1] by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.[2]—
What, have I pincht you,[3] Signior Gremio?

GREMIO.

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have: besides an argosy[4]
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—[5]
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO.

Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[6]
And twelve tight[7] gallerys;[8] these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GREMIO.

Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO.

Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.[9]

BAPTISTA.

I must confess your offer is the best;

---

[1] **ducats:** Venetian coins. [2] **jointure:** marriage settlement. [3] **pincht you:** made you squirm. [4] **argosy:** a merchant ship of the largest size. [5] **road:** harbor. [6] **galliasses:** large galleys used in the Mediterranean. [7] **tight:** seaworthy. [8] **galleys:** vessels propelled by oars manned by slaves. [9] **out-vied:** outbid.

And, let your father make her the assurance,[1]
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO.

That's but a cavil:[2] he is old, I young.

GREMIO.

And may not young men die, as well as old?

BAPTISTA.

Well, *gentlemen*,
I am thus resolved:—on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO.

Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit* BAPTISTA.
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester,[3] your father were[4] a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table:[5] tut, a toy! [6]
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

TRANIO.

A vengeance[7] on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[8]
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get[9] their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

---

[1] **assurance:** guarantee. [2] **cavil:** trifling matter. [3] **gamester:** gambler. [4] **were:** would be. [5] **Set foot under thy table:** become dependent upon you, a pensioner. [6] **a toy:** a trick; a bit of nonsense. [7] **vengeance:** curse. [8] **faced . . . ten:** bluffed him (Baptista) into thinking my ten spot was the highest card (from the card game of primero). [9] **get:** beget.

The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 3

ACT III

THE THINLY DISGUISED LOVE PLAY of Bianca and "Cambio" quickens "Licio's" suspicion, and prepares for his withdrawal from the competition for Bianca. She is then drawn from her own affairs by the preparations for Katharina's wedding, for which everyone is soon in readiness. Only the bridegroom, gone away ostensibly to furnish himself properly for the event, is missing. His lateness, followed by his arrival in extraordinary and ridiculous garb, and then by outrageous behavior inside the church at the wedding ceremony itself, causes consternation and amazement to everyone, especially to the bride. The marriage ceremony over, Petruchio refuses to stay for the wedding banquet, but carries Kate unwillingly away, leaving the company to complete the "celebration" by appointing a proxy bridal couple, Bianca and Tranio—"Lucentio."

ACT III. Scene I.

Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

LUCENTIO.

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO.

But, wrangling pedant, this' the patroness
Of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;[1]
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain? [2]
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO.

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves[3] of thine.

BIANCA.

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[4] in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed [5] times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;[6]

---

[1] **prerogative:** precedence; the privilege of starting first.
[2] **usual pain:** daily toil.
[3] **braves:** boastings; pretensions; insults.
[4] **breeching scholar:** a young scholar subject to floggings.
[5] **'pointed:** appointed.
[6] **the whiles:** in the meantime; meanwhile.

His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO.

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA. HORTENSIO *retires.*

LUCENTIO.

That will be never:—tune your instrument.

BIANCA.

Where left we last?

LUCENTIO.

Here, madam:— [*Reads.*

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.[1]

BIANCA.

Conster[2] them.

LUCENTIO.

Hac ibat, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,[3]—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile[4] the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO [*coming forward*].

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA.

Let's hear. [HORTENSIO *plays.*

O, fie! the treble jars.

LUCENTIO.

Spit in the hole,[5] man,

And tune again.

BIANCA.

Now let me see if I can conster it:—

Hac ibat Simois, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,

---

[1] ***Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus; Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis:*** "Here ran the River Simois; here is the Island of Sigeia; here stood the high palace of old Priam." [2] **Conster:** construe; translate. [3] **bearing my port:** pretending to be me. [4] **beguile:** fool. [5] **Spit in the hole:** *insulting remark which implies that* Hortensio is playing a pipe, not a lute.

—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

HORTENSIO.

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO.

All but the base.

HORTENSIO.

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.—
[*aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,[1] I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA.

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO.

Mistrust it not; for, sure, Aeacides
Was Ajax,[2]—call'd so from his grandfather.

BIANCA.

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO [*to* LUCENTIO].

You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO.

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*aside*] And watch withal; for, but[3] I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO.

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;

---

[1] ***Pedascule***: pedant; schoolmaster.

[2] **Aeacides/Was Ajax**: a remark made to deceive Hortensio into thinking that the Latin lesson is progressing.

[3] **but**: unless.

To teach you gamut[1] in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA.

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO.

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA [*reads*].

'*Gamut* I am, the ground[2] of all accord,[3]
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection:
D *sol re*, one cliff, two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die.'

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,[4]
To[5] change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA.

Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* SERVANT.

LUCENTIO.

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

HORTENSIO.

But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

---

[1] **gamut:** the scale (diatonic).
[2] **ground:** basis.
[3] **accord:** harmony.
[4] **nice:** whimsical; capricious.
[5] **To:** *as to.*

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,[1]
Seize thee that list:[2] if once I find thee ranging,[3]
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.[4] [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Before Baptista's *house.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and others, with* Attendants.

Baptista [*to* Tranio].
Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want[5] the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Katharina.
No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,[6] be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby,[7] full of spleen;[8]
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic[9] fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted [10] for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point[11] the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,

---

[1] **stale:** decoy; bait. [2] **Seize thee that list:** let anyone who cares for you take you. [3] **ranging:** roving; straying. [4] **be quit with thee by changing:** get even with you by loving someone else. [5] **want:** lack. [6] **forsooth:** indeed. [7] **rudesby:** ruffian; rude fellow. [8] **spleen:** temper. [9] **frantic:** mad. [10] **noted:** known. [11] **'point:** appoint; set.

If it would please him come and marry her!'

TRANIO.

Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune[1] stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATHARINA.

Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit weeping, follow'd by* BIANCA *and others.*

BAPTISTA.

Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO.

Master, master! news, old [2] news and such news as you never heard of!

BAPTISTA.

Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BIONDELLO.

Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA.

Is he come?

BIONDELLO.

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA.

What then?

BIONDELLO.

He is coming.

BAPTISTA.

When will he be here?

---

[1] **fortune**: chance.
[2] **old**: extraordinary.

BIONDELLO.

When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRANIO.

But, say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO.

Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd;[1] a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,[2] one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;[3] with two broken points; his horse hipt with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possest with the glanders,[4] and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheekt bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and new-repair'd with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

BAPTISTA.

Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO.

O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd[5] like the horse; with a linen stock[6] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose[7] on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list;[8] an old hat,

---

[1] **thrice-turn'd**: turned inside out three times because of wear. [2] **candle-cases**: old thigh boot slashed in the side and hung up to hold candle ends. [3] **chapeless**: lacking the metal end at the bottom of a leather scabbard. [4] **glanders**: an infection of the glands of the neck. [5] **caparison'd**: outfitted. [6] **stock**: stocking. [7] **kersey boot-hose**: overstocking of coarse material. [8] **list**: border of coarse material.

and *The Humour of Forty Fancies*[1] prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy[2] or a gentleman's lackey.

TRANIO.

'Tis some odd humour[3] pricks[4] him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

BAPTISTA.

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

BIONDELLO.

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA.

Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO.

Who? that Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA.

Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO.

No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

BAPTISTA.

Why, that's all one.

BIONDELLO.

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold[5] you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

PETRUCHIO.

Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

BAPTISTA.

You're welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO.

And yet I come not well.

---

[1] ***The Humour of Forty Fancies:*** many ribbons tied together, instead of a feather.
[2] **footboy:** liveried attendant.
[3] **humour:** whim.
[4] **pricks:** spurs; drives.
[5] **hold:** wager.

BAPTISTA.

And yet you halt[1] not.

TRANIO.

Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO.

Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles,[2] methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy? [3]

BAPTISTA.

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn[4] festival!

TRANIO.

And tell us, what occasion of import[5]
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO.

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;[6]
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO.

See not your bride in these unreverent[7] robes:

---

[1] **halt:** limp. [2] **Gentles:** gentlemen. [3] **prodigy:** miracle; marvel. [4] ***solemn:*** *ceremonious.* [5] ***import:*** *importance.* [6] **enforced to digress:** forced to deviate from my promise. [7] **unreverent:** undignified.

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO.

Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA.

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO.

Good sooth,[1] even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

TRANIO.

He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA.

I'll after him, and see the event[2] of this.

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* ATTENDANTS.

TRANIO.

But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not[3] much, we'll fit him to our turn,—[4]
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance[5] here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.

---

[1] **Good sooth:** yes, indeed.
[2] **event:** outcome; sequel.
[3] **skills not:** does not matter.
[4] **turn:** purpose.
[5] **assurance:** guarantee.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO.

Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,[1]
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;[2]
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRANIO.

That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage[3] in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint[4] musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO.

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIO.

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO.

A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom[5] indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRANIO.

Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO.

Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO.

Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.[6]

GREMIO.

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.[7]

---

[1] **narrowly:** closely. [2] **to steal our marriage:** to elope. [3] **vantage:** advantage. [4] **quaint:** skillful; clever. [5] **groom:** i.e., rough as a stableboy. [6] **dam:** mother (of the devil). [7] **to him:** compared with him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' [1] quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoopt again to pick it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.' [2]

TRANIO.

What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO.

Trembled and shook; for why he stampt and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen[3] him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaft off the muscadel,[4]
And threw the sops[5] all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,[6]
And seem'd to ask him[7] sops[8] as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kist her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout[9] is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music plays.*

---

[1] **gogs-wouns:** God's wounds (a common oath). [2] **list:** care to. [3] **cozen:** cheat. [4] **muscadel:** muscatel wine. [5] **sops:** dregs. [6] **hungerly:** sparsely. [7] **ask him:** ask him for. [8] **sops:** pieces of cake dipped in the wine. [9] **rout:** crowd; mob.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, GRUMIO; *with* HORTENSIO *and* TRAIN.

PETRUCHIO.

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think[1] to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA.

Is't possible you will away to-night?

PETRUCHIO.

I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder;[2] if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father,[3] drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

TRANIO.

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO.

It may not be.

GREMIO.

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO.

It cannot be.

KATHARINA.

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO.

I am content.

---

[1] **think**: expect.
[2] **Make it no wonder**: do not be surprised.
[3] **father**: father-in-law.

KATHARINA.

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO.

I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHARINA.

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO.

Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO.

Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.[1]

KATHARINA.

Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;[2]
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like[3] you'll prove a jolly[4] surly groom,
That take it on you[5] at the first so roundly.[6]

PETRUCHIO.

O, Kate, *content thee; prithee, be not angry.*

KATHARINA.

I will be angry: what hast thou to do?—[7]
Father, be quiet: he shall stay[8] my leisure.

GREMIO.

Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

KATHARINA.

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO.

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—

---

[1] **the oats have eaten the horses**: i.e., the horses are overfed. [2] ***whiles your boots are green***: *a proverbial expression for speeding* an unwanted guest. [3] **like**: likely. [4] **jolly**: arrogant; insolent; boorish. [5] **take it on you**: behave. [6] **roundly**: outrageously; unceremoniously. [7] **what hast thou to do**: what business is it of yours. [8] **stay**: await.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,[1]
Carouse[2] full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big,[3] nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action[4] on the proudest[5] he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler[6] thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.

BAPTISTA.

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO.

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO.

Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO.

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA.

That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO.

I warrant[7] him, Petruchio is Kated.[8]

---

[1] **domineer**: carouse. [2] **Carouse**: drink up. [3] **big**: threatening (addressed to the crowd). [4] **bring mine action**: bring a lawsuit. [5] **proudest**: bravest. [6] **buckler**: shield; protect. [7] **warrant**: guarantee. [8] **Kated**: that is, Petruchio has caught the bad temper of Kate.

BAPTISTA.

Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants[1]
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets[2] at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.[3]

TRANIO.

Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

BAPTISTA.

She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **wants**: are lacking.
[2] **junkets**: sweetmeats; delicacies.
[3] **room**: place.

The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 4

ACT IV

In this act, Petruchio puts Katharina through the taming process. A succession of ruses and pretexts prevents her from eating and sleeping and from getting the new clothes she has been promised. She is made to accept Petruchio's caprices and whims as her rules for thought and action, however flagrantly they violate common sense and reason. Her initial resistance and anger give way to weariness, and at last to total submission, at which stage Petruchio deems her ready to return to her father's house. On the way there they encounter Vincentio, Lucentio's father, bound also for Padua to see his son.

In Padua, Lucentio's cunning servants have produced an impostor to play the part of Vincentio, and to arrange with Baptista the terms for "Lucentio's" (Tranio's) marriage with Bianca. Though the real Lucentio is a party to all this intrigue, the remaining suitor, Gremio, knows nothing of the plan. Bianca herself is told, but not consulted by her father about her marriage.

ACT IV. Scene I.

PETRUCHIO'S *country house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! [1] Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? [2] Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,[3] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

CURTIS.

Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO.

A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my

---

[1] **foul ways:** muddy and rutted roads.

[2] **ray'd:** befouled; dirtied.

[3] **a little pot, and soon hot:** a proverb—"a little pot soon boils"; a reference to the belief that men of small stature have hot tempers.

shoulder to my heel with no greater a run[1] but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURTIS.

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO.

O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

CURTIS.

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO.

She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS.

Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.[2]

GRUMIO.

Am I but three inches? why, thy horn[3] is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office? [4]

CURTIS.

I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO.

A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

---

[1] **run**: as on a toboggan.

[2] **I am no beast**: Curtis resents Grumio's referring to him as "fellow," implying that he, too, is a beast.

[3] **horn**: the horn worn by a cuckold.

[4] **hot office**: duties as a fire maker.

CURTIS.

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRUMIO.

Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' [1] and as much news as wilt thou.

CURTIS.

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!—[2]

GRUMIO.

Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian,[3] their white stockings, and every officer[4] his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks[5] fair within, the jills[6] fair without, the carpets[7] laid, and everything in order?

CURTIS.

All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRUMIO.

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS.

How?

GRUMIO.

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS.

Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRUMIO.

Lend thine ear.

CURTIS.

Here.

GRUMIO.

There. [*Striking him.*

---

[1] **'Jack, boy! ho, boy!'**: from a song (catch)—"Jack boy, ho boy, news." [2] **cony-catching**: roguery (with a pun on *catch*). [3] **fustian**: coarse cotton fabric. [4] **officer**: servant. [5] **jacks**: servingmen (leather jug). [6] **jills**: maidservants (half-pint measure). [7] **carpets**: carpets were used as table coverings, not for the floors.

CURTIS.

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO.

And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible[1] tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*,[2] we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

CURTIS.

Both of[3] one horse?

GRUMIO.

What's that to thee?

CURTIS.

Why, a horse.

GRUMIO.

Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crost[4] me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd;[5] how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced[6] to thy grave.

CURTIS.

By this reckoning,[7] he is more shrew[8] than she.

GRUMIO.

Ay; and that thou and the proudest[9] of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and

---

[1] **sensible:** feeling. [2] ***Imprimis:*** in the first place (Latin). [3] **of:** on. [4] **crost:** interrupted. [5] **bemoil'd:** muddied. [6] **unexperienced:** ignorant. [7] **reckoning:** account. [8] **shrew:** shrewish. [9] **proudest:** boldest.

the rest: let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blue coats[1] brusht, and their garters of an indifferent knit:[2] let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS.

They are.

GRUMIO.

Call them forth.

CURTIS.

Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance[3] my mistress!

GRUMIO.

Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURTIS.

Who knows not that?

GRUMIO.

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

CURTIS.

I call them forth to credit her.[4]

GRUMIO.

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five SERVING MEN.

NATHANIEL.

Welcome home, Grumio!

PHILIP.

How now, Grumio!

JOSEPH.

What, Grumio!

NICHOLAS.

Fellow Grumio!

---

[1] **blue coats:** *liveries.*
[2] **indifferent knit:** inconspicuous color.
[3] **countenance:** do honor to; show respect for.
[4] **credit her:** do her honor.

NATHANIEL.

How now, old lad!

GRUMIO.

Welcome, you!—how now, you!—what, you!—fellow, you! —and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL.

All things is ready. How near is our master?

GRUMIO.

E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's[1] passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

PETRUCHIO.

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

ALL SERVANTS.

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PETRUCHIO.

Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed [2] and unpolisht grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO.

Here, sir: as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO.

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge! [3]
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,[4]
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRUMIO.

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

---

[1] **Cock's:** corruption of "God's."
[2] **logger-headed:** blockheaded.
[3] **malt-horse drudge:** a horse that turns the wheel of a grain mill by plodding around in a circle.
[4] **park:** field.

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinkt[1] i' th' heel;
There was no link[2] to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine[3] but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO.

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.

[*Sings.*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud![4]

Enter SERVANTS *with supper.*

Why, when,[5] I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings.*] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit SERVANT.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

---

[1] **unpinkt**: that is, ornamental (pinked-out) design worn or missing.
[2] **link**: a torch used for blacking.
[3] **fine**: ready.
[4] **Soud, soud, soud, soud**: an ill-bred sound, which may mean fatigue or a call for food.
[5] **when**: how long must I wait to be served.

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*

KATHARINA.

Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO.

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.[1]
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?

FIRST SERVANT.

Ay.

PETRUCHIO.

Who brought it?

PETER.

I.

PETRUCHIO.

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,[2]
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers,[3] cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*
You heedless joltheads[4] and unmannerd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.[5]
[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.

KATHARINA.

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:[6]
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO.

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

---

[1] **a stomach:** an appetite; also, a temper.
[2] **dresser:** buffet.
[3] **trenchers:** large wooden platters.
[4] **joltheads:** blockheads.
[5] **straight:** at once.
[6] **disquiet:** angry.

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler,[1] planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SERVANTS *severally.*[2]

NATHANIEL.

Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER.

He kills her
In her own humour.[3]

Enter CURTIS.

GRUMIO.

Where is he?

CURTIS.

In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates,[4] that[5] she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak.
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.—
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO.

PETRUCHIO.

Thus have I politicly[6] begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon[7] now is sharp,[8] and passing empty;[9]
And, till she stoop,[10] she must not be full-gorged,[11]
For then she never looks upon her lure.[12]

---

[1] **choler:** the humor that causes men to be choleric (ill-tempered). [2] ***severally:*** separately. [3] **He . . . humour:** he subdues her by giving her a dose of her own medicine. [4] **rates:** berates. [5] **that:** so that. [6] **politicly:** shrewdly (good policy). [7] **falcon:** Petruchio is employing the same tactics to tame Kate as he would a wild female falcon (haggard). [8] **sharp:** hungry. [9] **empty:** fasting. [10] ***stoop:*** swoops down on her prey. [11] **full-gorged,** well fed. [12] **lure:** bait; decoy.

Another way I have to man[1] my haggard,[2]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her,[3] as we watch these kites[4]
That bate, and beat,[5] and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly,[6] I intend
That all is done in reverent[7] care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch[8] all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew.[9] [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's *house.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tranio.

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.[10]

Hortensio.

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*

---

[1] **man:** *tame.* [2] **haggard:** wild female hawk. [3] **watch her:** keep her awake. [4] **kites:** hawks. [5] **bate, and beat:** flap and flutter their wings. [6] **hurly:** confusion. [7] **reverent:** respectful. [8] **watch:** remain awake. [9] **shew:** show (shrew should be pronounced as *shrow*). [10] **bears me fair in hand:** leads me on (with false hopes).

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

LUCENTIO.

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read? [1]

BIANCA.

What, master, read you? first resolve[2] me that.

LUCENTIO.

I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

BIANCA.

And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

LUCENTIO.

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

[*They retire.*

HORTENSIO.

Quick proceeders,[3] marry! [4] Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio,—

TRANIO.

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.[5]

HORTENSIO.

Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:[6]
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRANIO.

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire[7] affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,[8]
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear[9] Bianca and her love for ever.

---

[1] **read**: study. [2] **resolve**: answer. [3] **quick proceeders**: fast workers. [4] **marry**: by the Virgin Mary. [5] **wonderful**: amazing. [6] **a cullion**: a low fellow; a rogue. [7] **entire**: complete. [8] **lightness**: fickleness. [9] **Forswear**: swear on oath to give up.

HORTENSIO.

See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all[1] the former favours
That I have fondly[2] flatter'd her withal.

TRANIO.

And here I take the like[3] unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly[4] she doth court him!

HORTENSIO.

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so, I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO; LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

TRANIO.

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth[5] to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en[6] you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

BIANCA.

Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO.

Mistress, we have.

---

[1] **all:** of all.
[2] **fondly:** foolishly.
[3] **the like:** the same.
[4] **how beastly:** in how beastly a way.
[5] **'longeth:** belongeth; belongs.
[6] **ta'en:** taken; found.

LUCENTIO.

Then we are rid of Licio.

TRANIO.

I'faith, he'll have a lusty[1] widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIANCA.

God give him joy!

TRANIO.

Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA.

He says so, Tranio.

TRANIO.

Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIANCA.

The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

TRANIO.

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty[2] long,
To tame a shrew, and charm[3] her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO.

O master, master, I have watcht so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel![4] coming down the hill,
Will[5] serve the turn.

TRANIO.

What[6] is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO.

Master, a mercatante,[7] or a pedant,[8]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surly[9] like a father.[10]

LUCENTIO.

And what of him, Tranio?

---

[1] **lusty**: amorous. [2] **tricks eleven and twenty**: thirty-one tricks (the number of tricks required to win in "Trentunox"). [3] **charm**: quiet. [4] **ancient angel**: fellow to be trusted (an *angel* was an old coin); or a messenger from heaven. [5] **Will**: who will. [6] **What**: who. [7] **mercatante**: Biondello's word for *mercante* (Italian for merchant). [8] **pedant**: scholar. [9] **surly**: grave. [10] **father**: priest.

TRANIO.

If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a PEDANT.

PEDANT.

God save you, sir!

TRANIO.

And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest? [1]

PEDANT.

Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

TRANIO.

What countryman, I pray?

PEDANT.

Of Mantua.

TRANIO.

Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

PEDANT.

My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

TRANIO.

'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd [2] at Venice; and the duke—
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him—
Hath publisht and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,

---

[1] **at the furthest:** at the end of your journey.
[2] **stay'd:** detained; stopped.

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

PEDANT.

Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange[1]
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

TRANIO.

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

PEDANT.

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave[2] citizens.

TRANIO.

Among them know you one Vincentio?

PEDANT.

I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRANIO.

He is my father, sir; and, sooth[3] to say,
In countenance[4] somewhat doth resemble you.

BIONDELLO [*aside*].

As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.[5]

TRANIO.

To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit[6] shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:—
Look that you take upon you[7] as you should;
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

---

[1] **bills for money by exchange**: bills of exchange. [2] **grave**: learned; dignified. [3] **sooth**: truth. [4] **countenance**: appearance. [5] **all one**: no matter. [6] **credit**: reputation. [7] **take upon you**: play the part; conduct yourself.

PEDANT.

O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRANIO.

Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here lookt for every day,
To pass assurance of [1] a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances[2] I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in PETRUCHIO'S *house.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

KATHARINA.

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish[3] me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present[4] alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

---

[1] **To pass assurance of:** to guarantee.
[2] **circumstances:** details.
[3] **famish:** starve.
[4] **a present:** immediate.

'Twere deadly sickness or else present[1] death.—
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO.

What say you to a neat's foot? [2]

KATHARINA.

'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO.

I fear it is too choleric[3] a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

KATHARINA.

I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO.

I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHARINA.

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO.

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHARINA.

Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO.

Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHARINA.

Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRUMIO.

Why, then the mustard without the beef.

KATHARINA.

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

---

[1] **present**: immediate.
[2] **neat's foot**: calf's hock.
[3] **choleric**: i.e., causing temper.

That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* HORTENSIO *with meat.*

PETRUCHIO.
How fares my Kate? What, sweeting,[1] all amort? [2]

HORTENSIO.
Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA.
Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO.
Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress[3] thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—[4]
Here, take away this dish.

KATHARINA.
I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO.
The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHARINA.
I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO.
Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO [*aside to* HORTENSIO].
Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—
[*to* KATHARINA] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:[5]—and now, my honey love,

---

[1] **sweeting:** sweetheart (a *sweeting* is a very sweet apple).
[2] **all amort:** bored to death; out of sorts.
[3] **dress:** prepare (for cooking).
[4] **sorted to no proof:** barren of results; attended by no success.
[5] **apace:** quickly; with a good appetite.

Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales,[1] and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,[2]
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.[3]
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,[4]
To deck thy body with his ruffling[5] treasure.

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter HABERDASHER.

What news with you, sir?

HABERDASHER.

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.[6]

PETRUCHIO.

Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd[7] and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack,[8] a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

KATHARINA.

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,[9]
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO.

When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

HORTENSIO [*aside*].

That will not be in haste.

---

[1] **farthingales:** hoopskirts. [2] **bravery:** finery. [3] **knavery:** foolish adornment. [4] **stays thy leisure:** awaits your pleasure. [5] **ruffling:** gay; befrilled. [6] **bespeak:** order; ask for. [7] **lewd:** vile. [8] **knack:** knickknack. [9] **doth fit the time:** is in style; is the height of fashion.

KATHARINA.

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free[1]
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[2] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

KATHARINA.

Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

PETRUCHIO.

Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.
O, mercy, God! what masking[3] stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:[4]
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[5] in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO [*aside*].

I see she's like[6] to have neither cap nor gown.

TAILOR.

You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO.

Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

---

[1] **free**: outspoken.
[2] **custard-coffin**: a dish with a raised top crust, like a meat pie.
[3] **masking**: masquerade.
[4] **demi-cannon**: large cannon.
[5] **censer**: pot with a perforated top, in which perfume is burned.
[6] **like**: likely.

Go, hop me over every kennel [1] home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

KATHARINA.

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint,[2] more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike[3] you mean to make a puppet[4] of me.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAILOR.

She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO.

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail! [5]
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Braved [6] in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity,[7] thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete[8] thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAILOR.

Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRUMIO.

I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

TAILOR.

But how did you desire it should be made?

GRUMIO.

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

---

[1] **kennel**: gutter; gully. [2] **quaint**: smart; pretty. [3] **Belike**: perhaps. [4] **puppet**: plaything; doll. [5] **nail**: a measure of 2¼ inches; hence, a small, thin person. [6] **Braved**: defied. [7] **quantity**: small fragment. [8] **be-mete**: measure; that is, beat you with your own yardstick.

TAILOR.

But did you not request to have it cut?

GRUMIO.

Thou hast faced [1] many things;—

TAILOR.

I have.

GRUMIO.

Face not me:[2] thou hast braved [3] many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*,[4] thou liest.

TAILOR.

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PETRUCHIO.

Read it.

GRUMIO.

The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

TAILOR [*reads*].

Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:—

GRUMIO.

Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom[5] of brown thread: I said a gown.

PETRUCHIO.

Proceed.

TAILOR [*reads*].

With a small compast[6] cape:—

GRUMIO.

I confess the cape.

TAILOR [*reads*].

With a trunk sleeve:—[7]

GRUMIO.

I confess two sleeves.

---

[1] **faced**: trimmed; also, outfaced. [2] **Face not me**: don't try to outface or oppose me. [3] **braved**: that *is*, made handsome by fine clothes. [4] ***ergo***: therefore (Grumio is "putting on airs"). [5] **bottom**: ball. [6] **compast**: rounded; circular. [7] **trunk sleeve**: a very full sleeve at the shoulder, narrowing to the wrist.

TAILOR [*reads*].

The sleeves curiously[1] cut.

PETRUCHIO.

Ay, there's the villainy.

GRUMIO.

Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' bill.[2]—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee,[3] though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

TAILOR.

This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where,[4] thou shouldst know it.

GRUMIO.

I am for thee straight:[5] take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard,[6] and spare not me.

HORTENSIO.

God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PETRUCHIO.

Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRUMIO.

You are i' th' right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO.

Go take it up unto thy master's use.

GRUMIO.

Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

PETRUCHIO.

Why, sir, what's your conceit[7] in that?

GRUMIO.

O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

---

[1] **curiously**: elaborately. [2] **error i' th' bill**: that is, a false indictment. [3] **prove upon thee**: fight you to maintain my word. [4] **an I had thee in place where**: if I had you in a suitable place. [5] **I am for thee straight**: I'm willing to fight you right now. [6] **mete-yard**: yardstick. [7] **conceit**: meaning; idea.

PETRUCHIO [*aside to* HORTENSIO].

Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—
[*to* TAILOR] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HORTENSIO.

Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt* TAILOR *and* HABERDASHER.

PETRUCHIO.

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud,[1] our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth[2] in the meanest habit.[3]
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents[4] the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture[5] and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go call my men, and let us straight[6] to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount,[7] and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,[8]
And well we may come there by dinner-time.[9]

KATHARINA.

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

---

[1] **proud**: rich. [2] **peereth**: appears. [3] **habit**: clothes. [4] **contents**: pleases; satisfies. [5] **furniture**: clothing; adornment. [6] **straight**: go directly. [7] **mount**: dismount. [8] **seven o'clock**: 7:00 A.M. [9] **dinner-time**: 11:00 A.M.

PETRUCHIO.

It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what[1] I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still [2] crossing[3] it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO.

Why, so! this gallant will command the sun! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* PEDANT *drest like* VINCENTIO.

TRANIO.

Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

PEDANT.

Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[4]

TRANIO.

'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to[5] a father.

PEDANT.

I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter BIONDELLO.

TRANIO.

Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly,[6] I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right[7] Vincentio.

---

[1] **what:** whatever. [2] **still:** always. [3] **crossing:** contradicting. [4] **Pegasus:** the name of an inn. [5] **'longeth to:** belongs to; is in keeping with. [6] **throughly:** thoroughly. [7] **right:** real.

BIONDELLO.

Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO.

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO.

I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you lookt for him this day in Padua.

TRANIO.

Thou'rt a tall [1] fellow: hold [2] thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance,[3] sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily[4] met.—
[*to the* PEDANT] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PEDANT.

Soft,[5] son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him[6] not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matcht; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious[7] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

---

[1] **tall**: fine; clever. [2] **hold**: take (Tranio gives him a tip). [3] **set your countenance**: compose your features. [4] **happily**: opportunely; luckily. [5] **Soft**: easy. [6] **stay him**: keep him waiting. [7] **curious**: over-particular; cautious.

BAPTISTA.

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass[1] my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIO.

I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best
We be affied,[2] and such assurance[3] ta'en[4]
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

BAPTISTA.

Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;[5]
And happily[6] we might be interrupted.

TRANIO.

Then at my lodging, an it like you:[7]
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener[8] presently.[9]
The worst is this,—that at so slender warning,
You are like[10] to have a thin and slender pittance.[11]

BAPTISTA.

It likes me[12] well. Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened—
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

---

[1] **pass**: guarantee. [2] **affied**: betrothed before witnesses. [3] **assurance**: guarantee. [4] **ta'en**: taken; given. [5] **hearkening still**: always around (waiting for Bianca). [6] **happily**: perhaps. [7] **an it like you**: if it pleases you. [8] **scrivener**: scribe; clerk. [9] **presently**: immediately. [10] **like**: likely. [11] **slender pittance**: scanty meal. [12] **likes me**: pleases me.

BIONDELLO.

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

TRANIO.

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—

[*Exit* BIONDELLO.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess[1] is like to be your cheer:[2]
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

BAPTISTA.

I follow you. [*Exeunt* TRANIO, PEDANT, *and* BAPTISTA.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO.

Cambio,—

LUCENTIO.

What say'st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO.

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUCENTIO.

Biondello, what of that?

BIONDELLO.

Faith, nothing; but 'has[3] left me here behind, to expound[4] the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

LUCENTIO.

I pray thee, moralize[5] them.

BIONDELLO.

Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUCENTIO.

And what of him?

BIONDELLO.

His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

---

[1] **mess**: dish; course of a meal.
[2] **cheer**: entertainment.
[3] **'has**: he has.
[4] **expound**: explain in detail.
[5] **moralize**: explain.

LUCENTIO.

And then?

BIONDELLO.

The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUCENTIO.

And what of all this?

BIONDELLO.

I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her,[1] *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:[2] to th' church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

LUCENTIO.

Hear'st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO.

I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against[3] you come with your appendix.[4] [*Exit.*

LUCENTIO.

I may, and will, if she be so contented:[5]
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may,[6] I'll roundly[7] go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

---

[1] **take you assurance:** make sure of her. [2] ***cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:*** free translation—"with the sole right to print" (copyright). [3] **against:** by the time that. [4] **appendix:** intended wife (with a pun on *appendage*). [5] **contented:** disposed. [6] **Hap what hap may:** whatever happens. [7] **roundly:** straightforwardly.

Scene V.

A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

PETRUCHIO.
Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA.
The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO.
I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA.
I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO.
Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,[1]
Or e'er[2] I journey to your father's house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crost[3] and crost; nothing but crost!

HORTENSIO [*aside to* KATHARINA].
Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHARINA.
Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,[4]
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO.
I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA.
I know it is the moon.

---

[1] **list**: please.
[2] **Or e'er**: before.
[3] **crost**: contradicted.
[4] **a rush-candle**: a rush dipped in grease to serve as a candle.

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessed sun.

KATHARINA.

Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be still [1] for Katharine.

HORTENSIO [*aside*].

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO.

Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl [2] should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—[3]
But, soft! what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*to* VINCENTIO] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher[4] gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO [*aside*].

A' [5] will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATHARINA.

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

---

[1] **still**: so.
[2] **bowl**: bowling ball.
[3] **against the bias**: the bowling ball was not a perfect sphere, causing it to take an indirect course.
[4] **fresher**: more buxom.
[5] **A'**: he.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATHARINA.

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:[1]
Now I perceive thou art a reverend [2] father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO.

Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO.

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter[3] much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO.

What is his name?

VINCENTIO.

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO.

Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle[4] thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this[5] hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,

---

[1] **green:** that is, young.
[2] **reverend:** venerable.
[3] **strange encounter:** unusual greeting.
[4] **entitle:** call.
[5] **by this:** *by this time.*

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside,[1] so qualified [2] as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander[3] we to see thy honest[4] son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO.

But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant[5] travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

HORTENSIO.

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO.

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.[6]

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

HORTENSIO.

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to[7] my widow! and if she be froward,[8]
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.[9]

[*Exit.*

---

[1] **Beside:** besides. [2] **so qualified:** endowed with such qualities. [3] **wander:** journey. [4] **honest:** honorable. [5] **pleasant:** sportive. [6] **jealous:** suspicious. [7] **Have to:** I'm on my way to. [8] **froward:** perverse. [9] **untoward:** hard to manage.

The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 5

ACT V

WHILE Bianca and the true Lucentio are being secretly married, the true Vincentio arrives and confronts the false Vincentio and the deceived Baptista; Lucentio's deceitful servants deepen the confusion by refusing at first to acknowledge him. Outraged feelings are somewhat assuaged by Lucentio's plea that the deceptions—or "miracles"!—were all in the cause of love. Three weddings are now to be celebrated: to Katharina's and Bianca's has been added that of Hortensio to a rich widow. The general belief that Petruchio is least to be congratulated on the wife he has won leads him to propose a wager as to which wife is the most obedient. Kate wins the wager for Petruchio and gloriously vindicates his "taming of the shrew."

ACT V. Scene I.

Padua. Before LUCENTIO's *house.*

Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *is out before.*[1]

BIONDELLO.

Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

LUCENTIO.

I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

[1] Gremio *is out before:* Gremio, at the front of the stage, does not see the others enter.

BIONDELLO.

Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back;[1] and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

GREMIO.

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, *and* ATTENDANTS.

PETRUCHIO.

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's[2] bears more toward [3] the market-place;
Thither must I; and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO.

You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here.
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [4] [*Knocks.*

GREMIO.

They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

PEDANT *looks out of the window.*

PEDANT.

What's he[5] that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO.

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PEDANT.

He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.[6]

VINCENTIO.

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

PEDANT.

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none,

---

[1] **I'll see the church o' your back:** I'll see you into the church.
[2] **father's:** father-in-law's.
[3] **bears more toward:** is nearer to.
[4] **toward:** being prepared.
[5] **what's he:** who's he.
[6] **withal:** with.

so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,[1]—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PEDANT.

Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO.

Art thou his father?

PEDANT.

Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO [*to* VINCENTIO].

Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat[2] knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PEDANT.

Lay hands on the villain: I believe a'[3] means to cozen[4] somebody in this city under my countenance.[5]

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO.

I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping![6]—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VINCENTIO.

Come hither, crack-hemp.[7]

BIONDELLO.

I hope I may choose, sir.[8]

VINCENTIO.

Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

---

[1] **to leave frivolous circumstances:** to forget frivolity. [2] **flat:** downright. [3] **a':** he. [4] **cozen:** cheat. [5] ***my countenance:*** my disguise. [6] **good shipping:** a fair voyage. [7] **crack-hemp:** gallows bird; one who will stretch a rope. [8] **I hope I may choose, sir:** an expression of disdain.

BIONDELLO.

Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO.

What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO.

What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO.

Is't so, indeed? [*He beats* BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO.

Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[*Exit.*

PEDANT.

Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

PETRUCHIO.

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Enter PEDANT *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* SERVANTS.

TRANIO.

Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO.

What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! [1]—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband [2] at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRANIO.

How now! what's the matter?

---

[1] **copatain hat:** also called a copintank hat—a high, slightly conical-shaped hat.

[2] **good husband:** frugal householder; wise manager.

BAPTISTA.

What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO.

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit,[1] but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns[2] it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain[3] it.

VINCENTIO.

Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.[4]

BAPTISTA.

You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO.

His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PEDANT.

Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO.

Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son! —Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO.

Call forth an officer.

SERVANT *brings in an* OFFICER.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.[5]

VINCENTIO.

Carry me to the gaol!

---

[1] **habit**: dress; outward appearance.
[2] **'cerns**: concerns.
[3] **maintain**: afford.
[4] **Bergamo**: a village in Lombardy (not near the water).
[5] **forthcoming**: ready for trial.

GREMIO.

Stay,[1] officer: he shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA.

Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO.

Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catcht[2] in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PEDANT.

Swear, if thou darest.

GREMIO.

Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO.

Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO.

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA.

Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO.

Thus strangers may be haled [3] and abused:—
O monstrous villainy!

Enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

BIONDELLO.

O, we are spoil'd! [4] and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUCENTIO.

Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

VINCENTIO.

Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt* BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* PEDANT, *as fast as may be.*

---

[1] **Stay:** wait.
[2] **cony-catcht:** tricked; duped.
[3] **haled:** hauled about; mistreated.
[4] **spoil'd:** undone; ruined.

BIANCA.

Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

BAPTISTA.

How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO.

Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.[1]

GREMIO.

Here's packing,[2] with a witness,[3] to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO.

Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA.

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA.

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO.

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance[4] in the town,
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced[5] him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO.

I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

BAPTISTA [*to* LUCENTIO].

But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

---

[1] **While counterfeit supposes . . . eyne:** while masquerading substitutes fooled your eyes.
[2] **packing:** plotting.
[3] **with a witness:** with a vengeance.
[4] **bear my countenance:** pretend to be me.
[5] **enforced:** forced.

VINCENTIO.

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:[1] but I will in,
to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*

BAPTISTA.

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

LUCENTIO.

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

GREMIO.

My cake is dough:[2] but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,[3] but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *come forward.*

KATHARINA.

Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO.

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA.

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO.

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA.

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, then, let's home again: come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHARINA.

Nay, I will give thee a kiss [*kisses him*]: now, pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO.

Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.[4] [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] go to: an expression of impatience or indignation.
[2] My cake is dough: my plans have gone awry (are undone)—an old proverb with many translations.
[3] Out of hope of all: hopeless of getting anything.
[4] Better . . . late: "better late than never."

SCENE II.

A room in LUCENTIO'S *house.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO *and* WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO *and* GRUMIO; *the* SERVINGMEN *with* TRANIO *bringing in a banquet.*[1]

LUCENTIO.

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.[2]
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,[3]
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

PETRUCHIO.

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA.

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO.

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO.

For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO.

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

WIDOW.

Then never trust me, if I be afeard.[4]

---

[1] **banquet:** dessert, or light refreshments after the main repast.
[2] ***overblown:*** *blown over;* past.
[3] **to close our stomachs up:** with two meanings: both to satisfy the appetite and to put an end to quarreling.
[4] **afeard:** frightened.

PETRUCHIO.

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

WIDOW.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO.

Roundly replied.[1]

KATHARINA.

Mistress, how mean you that?

WIDOW.

Thus I conceive by him.[2]

PETRUCHIO.

Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO.

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO.

Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHARINA.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW.

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

KATHARINA.

A very mean[3] meaning.

WIDOW.

Right, I mean you.

KATHARINA.

And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.[4]

PETRUCHIO.

To her, Kate!

---

[1] **Roundly replied:** a good, direct answer.
[2] **Thus I conceive by him:** at least that is my impression of him.
[3] **mean:** bad; hateful.
[4] **I am mean . . . you:** that is, I think very little of you.

HORTENSIO.

To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO.

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO.

That's my office.

PETRUCHIO.

Spoke like an officer:—ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

BAPTISTA.

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO.

Believe me, sir, they butt together[1] well.

BIANCA.

Head and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.[2]

VINCENTIO.

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIANCA.

Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you[3] for a bitter jest or two!

BIANCA.

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* WIDOW.

PETRUCHIO.

She hath prevented[4] me.—Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

---

[1] **butt together:** argue back and forth.
[2] **your head . . . horn:** that you were a cuckold.
[3] **Have at you:** here goes; a challenge—be on your guard.
[4] **prevented:** forestalled.

TRANIO.

O, sir, Lucentio slipt[1] me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO.

A good swift simile, but something[2] currish.

TRANIO.

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer[3] does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA.

O, ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO.

I thank thee for that gird,[4] good Tranio.

HORTENSIO.

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO.

A'[5] has a little gall'd[6] me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAPTISTA.

Now, in good sadness,[7] son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO.

Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,[8]
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HORTENSIO.

Content.[9] What is the wager?

LUCENTIO.

Twenty crowns.

---

[1] **slipt**: unleashed. [2] **something**: somewhat. [3] **deer**: dear (Kate). [4] **gird**: taunt; sarcastic remark. [5] **A'**: he. [6] **gall'd**: wounded. [7] **in good sadness**: in good earnest; seriously. [8] **for assurance**: to make sure of it. [9] **Content**: agreed.

PETRUCHIO.

Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of[1] my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO.

A hundred, then.

HORTENSIO.

Content.

PETRUCHIO.

A match![2] 'tis done.

HORTENSIO.

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO.

That will I.—
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO.

I go. [*Exit.*

BAPTISTA.

Son, I'll be your half,[3] Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO.

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

BIONDELLO.

Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO.

How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

GREMIO.

Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO.

I hope, better.

---

[1] **of**: on.
[2] **A match**: it's a bet.
[3] **I'll be your half**: I'll stand half of your wager.

HORTENSIO.

Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.

PETRUCHIO.

O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

HORTENSIO.

I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

BIONDELLO.

She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO.

Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

HORTENSIO.

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO.

What?

HORTENSIO.

She will not come.

PETRUCHIO.

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

BAPTISTA.

Now, by my holidame,[1] here comes Katharina!

Enter KATHARINA.

KATHARINA.

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

---

[1] **holidame:** this may be translated as "holy dame" (Blessed Mary) or halidom (holy relic).

PETRUCHIO.

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHARINA.

They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PETRUCHIO.

Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge[1] me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.[2]

[*Exit* KATHARINA.

LUCENTIO.

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO.

And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule,[3] and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

BAPTISTA.

Now, fair befall thee,[4] good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See, where she comes, and brings your froward[5] wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

---

[1] **Swinge:** whip; beat.
[2] **straight:** immediately.
[3] **An awful rule:** i.e, an order commanding awe (respect) to the head of the house.
[4] **fair befall thee:** good luck to you.
[5] **froward:** perverse; fractious.

Enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* WIDOW.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot. [*She obeys.*

WIDOW.

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass! [1]

BIANCA.

Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO.

I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA.

The more fool you, for laying on[2] my duty.

PETRUCHIO.

Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW.

Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO.

Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

WIDOW.

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO.

I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

KATHARINA.

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow:
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

---

[1] **pass**: state of affairs.
[2] **laying on**: betting on.

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;[1]
Confounds[2] thy fame,[3] as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet[4] or amiable.
A woman moved[5] is like a fountain troubled,[6]
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience.—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest[7] will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple[8]
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to[9] toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable[10] worms!
My mind hath been as big[11] as one of yours,

---

[1] **meads**: meadows. [2] **Confounds**: destroys. [3] **fame**: reputation. [4] **meet**: proper. [5] **moved**: angry. [6] **troubled**: stirred. [7] **honest**: honorable. [8] **simple**: simple-minded. [9] **Unapt to**: unfitted for. [10] **unable**: feeble. [11] **big**: arrogant; defiant.

My heart as great; my reason, haply,[1] more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,[2] for it is no boot,[3]
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO.

Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUCENTIO.

Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

VINCENTIO.

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.[4]

LUCENTIO.

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PETRUCHIO.

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.[5]
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[6]
[*to* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

HORTENSIO.

Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrow.[7]

LUCENTIO.

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **haply:** perhaps. [2] **vail your stomachs:** lower your pride. [3] **no boot:** useless. [4] **toward:** docile; obedient. [5] **sped:** finished; done for. [6] **white:** Bianca (Italian for "white"); the bull's-eye. [7] **curst shrow:** cantankerous shrew.

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